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# CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For the Month of *July*, 1780.

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*A General Dictionary of the English Language. One main Object of which, is, to establish a plain and permanent Standard of Pronunciation. To which is prefixed a Rhetorical Grammar. By Thomas Sheridan, A. M. 2 Vols. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards. Doddsley. [Concluded, from Vol. xlix. p. 350.]*

**T**HERE are two principles by which pronunciation may be regulated, analogy and euphony. Analogy (derived from *ανα*, *per*, and *λογος*, *ratio*) is a principle of great extent. Quintilian says, ‘Ejus hæc vis est, ut id, quod dubium est, ad aliquid simile, de quo non quæritur, referat, ut incerta certis probet.’ Lib. i. 6. Varro, treating of the declension of words, calls analogy, ‘Verborum similium declinatio similis, non repugnante consuetudine communi.’ De Ling. Lat. lib. ix. This definition, with a little alteration, may be applied to the point in question, and analogy defined, the similar pronunciation of similar words, where custom has introduced no particular exception. By custom, or what Varro calls ‘consuetudo communis,’ we are not to understand the pronunciation of the vulgar, but that which is authorized by the learned and judicious.

But though analogy, as we have already observed, is a principle of great extent in the pronunciation of the English language, there are many anomalies or deviations from it; and these deviations are sometimes arbitrary and capricious. The common pronunciation of *wind*, with *i* short, is a violation of analogy; for this vowel is long in *mind*, *find*, *blind*, *kind*, *bind*, *hind*, *rind*, and all other monosyllables ending in *ind*. Mr. Sheridan tells us, that he has often heard Swift say to those who pronounced it short, in a jeering tone, ‘I have a great mind

to find, why you call it wind.' In this Dictionary we have <sup>2</sup>wi'nd and <sup>1</sup>wind'. Perhaps the latter has prevailed in common conversation, because it has a quicker sound than the former.

In the usual pronunciation of *gross*, the *o* is long, but it is short in all other words of a similar termination; as, *mo'ss*, *lo'ss*, *cro'ss*, *dro'ss*, *glo'ss*, *to'ss*, &c.

There is no affinity between the pronunciation of *bear*, *pear*, *wear*, *swear*, and that of *dear*, *near*, *fear*, *spear*, *year*; or between that of *frost*, *lo'st*, *cro'st*, *lo'st*, *co'st*, and that of *ho'st*, *gho'st*, *mo'st*, *po'st*; yet analogy seems to require a uniformity.

2. Where words are spelled alike, it is natural to suppose that they should be pronounced in the same manner. But analogy in this case is frequently superseded for the sake of discrimination; as in the following instances: *August*, the name of a month, and the adjective *august*; to *sow*, or disseminate, and *sow*, a female swine; *Job*, the name of a man, and *job*, a piece of work; *does*, the third person singular of *do*, and *does*, the plural of *doe*, a female deer; to *tear*, or lacerate, and a *tear* which falls from the eye.

3. Analogy is sometimes violated for the sake of a more easy and familiar pronunciation. Thus, *symbol'ic*, *vitriol'ic*, *Æol'ic*, *parabol'ic*, *bucol'ic*, *diabol'ic*, *apostol'ic*, *hyperbol'ic*, have the accent on the penultima; but *cath'olic* on the antepenultima.

When words end in *cence*, with *s* preceding it, the accent is always on the *s*; as, *quies'cence*, *exces'cence*, *intums'cence*; but this rule of analogy is violated for the sake of a more agreeable sound, in *concupiscence*.

From these examples it appears, that analogy is subject to many exceptions; yet, notwithstanding this, it is a general rule, which, in all cases, deserves particular attention, and should never be deserted without apparent necessity.

Another principle of great efficacy in pronunciation is euphony. This has been so much studied by the French, that though their language is naturally as harsh and unmusical as any in Europe, they have rendered it soft and mellifluous, by omitting a very considerable number of their consonants in the pronunciation.

In doubtful cases we should certainly prefer that pronunciation which is the most easy and agreeable. No person, therefore, who has any notion of harmony, will place the accent on the first syllable of *refrac'tory*, *contemp'tible*, *respe'ctable*, *corrup'tible*, *acad'emy*, pronouncing these words *ref'ract'ory*, *con'temptible*, *res'pectable*, *cor'ruptible*, *ac'ademy*. The organs of speech and the ear revolt at these difficult and discordant sounds. Mr. Sheridan, however, gives us *ac'ademy*, as well as *acad'emy*, in his Dictionary.



It is said, that we should throw the accent as far back as possible towards the first part of the word. But it may be observed, that in the Greek language, which is remarkable for its harmony, the accent is never placed before the antepenultima, or the third syllable from the end. This, in general, is a proper place for the stress, or the rest of the voice, in polysyllables. If it is placed on a preceding syllable, it will occasion a difficulty of articulation, or an indistinct rapidity in pronouncing the latter part of the word; as in *ref'ractoriness*, *ex'emplariness*, *ac'ceptableness*. This rule is attended with another ill effect; that is, in compound words it throws the accent from the radical, or the most significant part of the word, to the preposition, which is merely circumstantial; as in *conver'sant*, *suscep'tible*, *corrup'tible*, *adja'cent*, when pronounced *con'versant*, *sus'ceptible*, *cor'ruptible*, *ad'jacent*. Wherever this impropriety can be easily avoided, it ought to be avoided.

We shall now proceed to consider Mr. Sheridan's mode of pronunciation in a few instances, as they accidentally occur. But it will first be necessary that we should give our readers in this article, as well as in the former, the following scheme of the vowels:

	First.	Second.	Third.
a	<sup>1</sup> hat	<sup>2</sup> hate	<sup>3</sup> hall.
e	<sup>1</sup> bet	<sup>2</sup> bear	<sup>3</sup> beer.
i	<sup>1</sup> fit	<sup>2</sup> fight	<sup>3</sup> field.
o	<sup>1</sup> not	<sup>2</sup> note	<sup>3</sup> noose.
u	<sup>1</sup> but	<sup>2</sup> bush	<sup>3</sup> blue.
y	<sup>1</sup> love-ly	<sup>2</sup> lye.	

It has been much disputed, whether the word *concordance* should be pronounced *con'cordance* or *concor'dance*. The advocates for the former pronunciation proceed upon a latent principle of analogy, which generally operates in words of that termination, as may be seen in Mr. Sheridan's Rhetorical Grammar, where it is said, polysyllables in *ance* in general have the accent on the antepenult, or last syllable but two. Examp. *Ar'rogance*, *el'egance*, *signif'icance*. But the author makes two exceptions:

1st, When the primitive has its accent on the last, the derivative has it on the penult; as, *appéarance*, *assúrance*, from *ap'pear*, *assúre*. And, 2dly, When it is preceded by two consonants, as, *abun'dance*, *discon'dance*.

Now (says he) by following the general, and not attending to the second rule of exceptions mentioned above, they have fallen into this error. And yet, ignorant as they might be of any rule, one would imagine that analogy itself might have set

4 Sheridan's General Dictionary of the English Language.

them right in this case, as upon the same ground they might pronounce the word *dis'cordance* with the accent on the first syllable, as well as *con'cordance*, which no one ever attempted.'

In treating of the letter *i*, he makes this remark:

'When this vowel precedes *r*, it never has its own sound, but is always changed into that of first *e* or first *u*. To *e* in the following words, *birth*, *girt*, *girth*, *gird*, *girl*, *mirth*, *skirt*, *squirt*, *quirk*, *chirp*, *firm*, *irk*, *smirk*, *dirge*, *whirl*, *twirl*. To *u* in *dirt*, *flirt*, *shirt*, *spirt*, *first*, *third*, *bird*, *thirty*, *thirsty*, *birch*, *fir*, *stir*, *fir*, &c.' Dict.

To this mode of pronouncing these words it may be objected, that the author's distinction is arbitrary; that no reason can be assigned for the division of these words into two classes; that upon this principle *fir* and *fur* will be confounded, or pronounced alike, *fur*; and that the sound of *durt*, *shurt*, *furst*, *thurd*, *burd*, *burch*, *sur*, *stur*, &c. resembles the pronunciation of a Welch peasant. This remark may be extended to the pronoun *her*, which, Mr. Sheridan tells us, should be pronounced *hur*.

GOLD is pronounced by our author *go'ld*, as if it were written *gould*; but this is contrary to analogy, and seems to be a vulgarism. We see no sufficient reason why it should not be pronounced like *bold*, *cold*, *fold*, *bold*, *fold*, *told*, *scold*.

'T, says Mr. Sheridan, has four sounds, *t* in *tell*, *th* in *nation*, *ch* in *question*, and *f* in *satiety*.'

This last word is therefore to be pronounced *sa-si'-e-ty*. The accent should certainly be laid on the second syllable, as it is in the following lines:

To full satiety of grief she mourns.

Pope's Odyss. 21. 59.

Tho' with satiety not half so blest.

Pope.

But it may be asked, why the letter *t* should not retain its proper sound, more especially as there is not another word in the language, in which it has precisely the sound of *s*. In *nation*, *ingratiate*, *satiate*, &c. it has the sound of *th*; and in the word *society*, which nearly resembles Mr. Sheridan's pronunciation of *satiety*, the consonant before *ity* is not *t*, but *c*.—We do not, however, reject the author's opinion, but propose our doubts.

ADVERTIZEMENT, ad-ver'-tiz-ment, ad-ver-ti'ze-ment. The accent is placed on the third syllable in the radical word *advertise*? But brevity pleads for *adver'tisement*.

ACCEP-



ACCEPTABLENESS, ak'-sep-table-nēs. It would be better to place the accent on the second syllable, for reasons already assigned.

BEEN, bin'. The participle preterite of *be*. This pronunciation is improper, and vulgar. It makes no distinction between *been*, and *bin*, a place where wine is preserved in a cellar.

We do not immediately recollect any word in our language, except *breeches*, in which *ee* is pronounced like a short *i*. *Been* makes a proper rhyme to *seen*, or *bean*. It would indeed be wrong to pronounce *been* with as great a stress as *bean*, because the latter is a noun, and the former, for the most part, only an auxiliary verb; as in this phrase, 'I have been informed.' We should slide over the word *been* without any emphasis, and lay the stress on the word *informed*.

BAYONET, bag'-un-net. We do not know upon what foundation the *y* is pronounced like a *g* in this word.

COLONEL, kur'nel. This, we presume, is a vulgarism.

TO DESIGN, de-zi'ne; DESIGNEDLY, de-zi'-ned-ly, &c. — Is not this the Somersetshire pronunciation? Why, at least, is it a variation from that of the word *design*, which our author very properly directs us to pronounce de-si'ne?

EUROPEAN, u-ro-pe'-an. Right undoubtedly, though Dr. Kenrick and others lay the accent on the second syllable.

EXILE, eks'-ile. To EXILE, eg-zi'le. The former is right, the latter a provincial barbarism.

EXAMPLE, egz-amp'l. The less we hear of *g* and *z* in this word, the better.

FAREWELL, far-wel'. This word is derived from *fare*, the import of which is very obvious in this expression, How fare you? and the adverb *well*. We should therefore prefer that pronunciation which is agreeable to the derivation of the word: that is, far-wel'.

FAULT, fa't. The *t* is very seldom omitted in the pronunciation of this word: and why should it? it is universally pronounced in *salt* and *assault*.

PIERCE, fers'. PIERCE, per'se. Rather perhaps the *ie* in these words ought to have the sound which they have in *field*, *yield*, &c.

TO HOUGH, <sup>1</sup>hok', to hamstring, or to cut up with a hough or hoe. We do not recollect that we ever heard of *boking* horses, or of *boking* turnips.

HUMBLE, <sup>1</sup>um'bl. Why is h to be omitted in *bumble*, when we are directed to pronounce it in <sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup>*bu-mil'-it-y*?

IMPREGN, <sup>1</sup>impren'. The sound of the g, we apprehend, is necessary in this word, as it is only an abbreviation of *impregnate*, which is a much better word.

KNIGHT-ERRANT, <sup>2</sup><sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup>nite-ar'-rant. Here the author makes no difference between *errant* and *arrant*; and yet he elsewhere directs us to pronounce the former word <sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup>*er'-rant*.

ERRAND, <sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup>ar'-rand. Why not pronounced as it is written?

LEISURE, <sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup>le'-zhur. The diphthong in this word is commonly pronounced as it is in *feign*, *beir*, &c.

LUXURIOUS, <sup>1</sup><sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup>lug-zho'-ryus. Finical and affected. What business has the g in this word?

MAUSOLEUM, <sup>3</sup><sup>2</sup><sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup>ma-so-le'-um. In many other dictionaries the accent is laid on the second syllable. But this is contrary to the measure of the penultima in the Greek *Μαυσωλειον*, and the Latin *Mausoleum*.

Nec Mausolei dives fortuna sepulchri. Prop. iii. 2. 21.

Thus the pronunciation of the word *asylum* is ascertained by the Greek or Latin prosody:

'Hinc lucus ingentem, quem Romulus acer asy'lum.' Virg.  
And that of *horizon*:

'Atque trahens à se titulum, memoratur hori'zon.' Manil. i.

NATURE, <sup>2</sup><sup>1</sup>na'-tshur. Is not this an affected pronunciation?

NATIONAL, <sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup>nash'-un-ul. The a is long in *nation*; why therefore is it short in *national*? The word *rational*, it is true, favours our author's pronunciation.

NONE, <sup>1</sup>nun'. Here is no distinction between *none* and *nun*; which surely destroys all precision.

OBLIGE, <sup>2</sup><sup>2</sup><sup>2</sup><sup>3</sup>o-bli'dzh, o-ble'dzh.

ORCHESTRE, <sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup>a'-r-kis-tur. Dr. Kenrick, if we rightly remember, says, that the accent on the second syllable is preferable. The doctor probably took this idea from the Greek

ορχήστρα,



ορχηστρα, the Latin *orchestra*, or the Italian *orchestra*; but we cannot conclude from thence, that the English word *orchestre* should have the accent on the second syllable, any more than we can infer from the Latin word *theatrum*, that the accent ought to be laid on the second syllable in the English word *theatre*. The contrary, we find, is established by universal consent.

PERFUNCTORY, per'funktur-y. See the word *Acceptableness* above.

SUICIDE, sho'-y-side. What occasion for the sound of the h in this word? It might with as much reason be introduced into *suitable* and *consume*; by which the one would be called *shutable*, and the other *conshume*.

TOWARDS, to'rdz. Our author lays the accent very properly on the first syllable. Others place it on the second. But this cannot be right; because in all similar words it is placed on the first; as, *up'wards*, *down'wards*, *back'wards*, *for'wards*, *in'wards*, *out'wards*, *af'terwards*, &c.

TUNE, tsho'n. Our author does not pronounce the second syllable of *fortune* in this manner; but fâ'r-tune.

TUBE, tsho'b.

TUMULT, tsho'-mult.

TUMOUR, tsho'-mur.

TUMID, tsho'mid.

TULIP, tsho'-lip.

GRANDEUR, gran'-jur.

VERDURE, ver'dzhur.

PRODUCE, prod'-dzhus.

BEAUTEOUS, bu'-tshus.

COVETOUS, kuv'-e-tshus.

FURNITURE, fur'-ni-tshur.

VIRTUOUS, vir'tshu-us.

STATUE, stat'-tshu.

STATUTE, stat'-tshut.

PERICARDIUM, per-y-kâr-dzhum.

The pronunciation of all these words, from *tune* to *pericardium*, is, or at least in our opinion, seems to be, fantastical and af-

fect. In the pronounciation of our language we should endeavour to keep as near the orthography as we can, consistently with euphony and established usage. The intermixture of sounds, not belonging to any of the letters in their separate state, has a tendency to corrupt our pronounciation, and destroy all that simplicity, which is as necessary, in this article, as it is in writing.

We do not wish to treat the learned and indefatigable author of this Dictionary with any disrespect; on the contrary, we freely allow, that his labours deserve the warmest acknowledgments of every Englishman. The art of reading and speaking our native language with propriety and grace, is an object of the highest importance; and no writer has taken half the pains that he has done for promoting this art. This has been his principal aim in all those works with which he has formerly obliged the public, viz. his *British Education*, his *Plan of Education*, his *Lectures on Elocution*, his *Lectures on the Art of Reading Prose*, and his *Lectures on the Art of Reading Verse*. This performance completes his design, and certainly contains many judicious and valuable remarks; though with regard to the pronounciation of many words, besides those we have already specified, we beg leave to suspend our opinion. We consult him with respect, but cannot implicitly adopt his decisions.

*Epistle to a Friend, on the Death of John Thornton, Esq. By the Author of an Epistle to an eminent Painter. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.*

THIS little elegant poem might not improperly be called the Tears of Genius over the Urn of Friendship. Since Pope's Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, and Lord Lyttelton's Monody on the Death of his Wife, we have not seen any thing of the kind that could boast of equal merit, or where the powers of poetry have been so happily blended with the genuine simplicity of nature, and the warmth of tender affection. Mr. Haley's picture of his departed friend is drawn in such lively colours, that we cannot help sympathising with the poet, and lamenting with him the loss of so excellent a man, and so amiable a companion.

‘ A frame, tho’ mortal, of no common mould;  
A heart scarce sully’d with a human flaw,  
Which shunn’d no duty, and transgress’d no law;  
In joy still guarded, in distress serene,  
Thro’ life a model of the golden mean.—  
Sweet as the breath of spring thy converse flow’d,  
As summer’s noon-tide warmth thy friendship glow’d,

O’er



O'er thy mild manners, by no art constrain'd,  
A pensive, pleasing melancholy reign'd,  
Which won regard, and charm'd th'attentive eye,  
Like the soft lustre of an evening sky:  
Yet if perchance excited to defend  
The injur'd merit of an absent friend,  
That gentle spirit, rous'd to virtuous ire,  
Indignant flash'd resentment's noble fire.

These lines are animated, expressive, and finely suited to the subject. The reader feels that they come from the heart. Such a character alone could deserve such a poet to delineate it. The rest of the Epistle is at least equal, perhaps superior in many parts, to the specimen already given, and the conclusion, which we shall here subjoin, is excellent.

• Thou friend! yet left me of the choicer few,  
Whom grief's fond eyes with growing love review;  
O thou! whom mutual sorrow will incline  
To mix thy sympathetic sighs with mine;  
Still be it ours to pay, with just regret,  
At Friendship's sacred shrine our common debt!  
Tho' doom'd (so Heaven ordains) to see no more  
The gentle Being, whom we both deplore;  
Painting shall still, sweet soothing art! supply  
A form so precious in affection's eye.  
Ah! little thought we, in that happier hour,  
When our gay muse rehears'd the pencil's power,  
To mourn that form in cold obstruption laid,  
And see him only by the pencil's aid!  
Blest be that pencil, every art be blest,  
That stamps his image deeper on our breast!

Oft let us loiter on his favourite hill,  
Whose shades the sadly pleasing thought instil;  
Recount his kindness, as we fondly rove,  
And meet his spirit in the lonely grove.  
At evening's pensive hour, or opening day,  
He yet shall seem the partner of our way.  
Blest Spirit! still through fancy's ear impart  
The calm of virtue to the troubled heart!  
Correct each sordid view, each vain desire,  
And touch the mortal with celestial fire!  
So may we still, in this dark scene of earth,  
Hold sweet communion with thy living worth;  
And, while our purer thoughts thy merit scan,  
Revere the Angel, as we lov'd the Man.'

That part of the quotation which alludes to our Author's Epistle to an eminent Painter (one of the best poems that has appeared for some time past) is remarkably elegant and pathetic.

We congratulate the public on so valuable an acquisition as Mr. Hayley is likely to prove in the world of letters, and shall be happy to meet him again, which we hope soon to do, in the regions of Parnassus.

And lo! he comes,  
Propitious to our vows:

For the very next article submitted to our inspection is,

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*An Essay on History; in three Epistles to Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes. By William Hayley, Esq. 4to. 7s. 6d. Boards. Doddsley.*

**T**HIS is a subject worthy of Mr. Hayley's muse, and he has treated it with that care and attention which it so highly deserves. The poem is written in a nervous, animated, and expressive style, adorned in many parts with glowing imagery and description. The observations are in general excellent, and the sentiments new and striking. In the first Epistle, after a short introductory compliment to Mr. Gibbon, our author observes, with great propriety, the natural relation between History and Poetry; and remarks, that his subject was scarce touched by any of the ancients, except Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and the famous Lucian: that it was disguised in its infancy by priestcraft and superstition. He then takes occasion to give us the characters of several ancient historians; Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus; makes a digression to biography, which leads him to consider the merit of Plutarch, Marcellinus, and Anna Comnena.

In this Epistle the ancient historians are finely characterised, and properly discriminated, as our readers will see by the following well-drawn picture of Herodotus.

• Behold th' historic fire!

Ionic roses mark his soft attire;  
Bold in his air, but graceful in his mien  
As the fair figure of his favour'd queen,  
When her proud galley sham'd the Persian van,  
And grateful Xerxes own'd her more than man!

• Soft as the stream, whose dimpling waters play,  
And wind in lucid lapse their pleasurable way,  
His rich, Homeric elocution flows,  
For all the Muses modulate his prose:  
Tho' blind Credulity his step misleads  
Thro' the dark mist of her Egyptian meads,  
Yet when return'd, with patriot passions warm,  
He paints the progress of the Persian storm,



In Truth's illumin'd field, his labours rear  
A trophy worthy of the Spartan spear :  
His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,  
Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.  
Behold ! where Valour, resting on his lance,  
Drinks the sweet sound in rapture's silent trance,  
'Then, with a grateful shout of fond acclaim,  
Hails the just herald of his country's fame !'

There is a fine knowlege of light and shade, with a strength of colouring in this portrait, which shews the hand of a master. The characters of Thucydides and Xenophon are drawn with accuracy and precision. Sallust is well described, as

' Clear, tho' concise, elaborately plain,  
Poising his scale of words with frugal care,  
Nor leaving one superfluous atom there !  
Yet well displaying, in a narrow space,  
Truth's native strength, and Nature's easy grace.'

Our readers will not be less pleased with his account of Livy, and the happy poetical comparison of his remains with the famous mutilated statue of Michael Angelo. His description of Tacitus is no less just than beautiful.

' Sarcastic Tacitus, abrupt and dark,  
In moral anger forms the keen remark ;  
Searching the soul with microscopic power,  
To mark the latent worm that mars the flower.  
His Roman voice, in base degenerate days,  
Spoke to Imperial Pride in Freedom's praise ;  
And with indignant hate, severely warm,  
Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghastly form !  
There are, whose censures to his style assign  
A subtle spirit, rigid and malign ;  
Which magnified each monster that he drew,  
And gave the darkest vice a deeper hue :  
Yet his strong pencil shews the gentlest heart,  
In one sweet sketch of biographic art,  
Whose softest tints, by filial love combin'd,  
Form the pure image of his father's mind.'

The second Epistle opens with the defects of our monkish historians, to whom, notwithstanding, our author confesses some obligations, particularly the amiable Froissard, whom he characterises. He then proceeds to give some account of the Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English historians, after the revival of learning under Leo X. Machiavel, Guicciardin, Davila, Father Paul, Olorius, Mariana, Thuanus, Voltaire, Clarendon, Burnet, Rapin, Hume, and Lyttelton, all pass in review before him ; their several merits and defects are

pointed out; and the Epistle concludes with reasons given by the author for not attempting to describe any living historian.

From this Epistle, which abounds with poetical beauties, we shall select Mr. Hayley's character of the celebrated Voltaire.

' On the wide sea of letters 'twas thy boast  
To croud each sail, and touch at every coast :  
From that rich deep how often hast thou brought  
The pure and precious pearls of splendid thought !  
How didst thou triumph on that subject-tide,  
Till Vanity's wild gust, and stormy Pride,  
Drove thy strong bark, in evil hour, to split  
Upon the fatal rock of impious Wit !  
But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb !  
And guardian laurels o'er thy ashes bloom !

' From the long annals of the world thy art,  
With chemic process, drew the richer part ;  
To Hist'ry gave a philosophic air,  
And made the interest of mankind her care ;  
Pleas'd her grave brow with garlands to adorn,  
And from the rose of Knowledge strip the thorn.

' Thy lively eloquence, in prose, in verse,  
Still keenly bright, and elegantly terse,  
Flames with bold spirit ; yet is idly rash :  
Thy promis'd light is oft a dazzling flash ;  
Thy wisdom verges to sarcastic sport,  
Satire thy joy, and ridicule thy fort !'

This character is well drawn, and highly finished, as far as it goes. More, however, might perhaps have been expected by so accurate an observer, and so good a judge of writing as Mr. Hayley, on so fruitful a subject as the great Voltaire.

In the third and last Epistle, the author considers the chief defects in history, with the causes of them ; gives us a character of the accomplished historian, with the laws of history ; attributes the failure of Knolles to his bad choice of a subject ; shews the danger of dwelling too much on events minute and inconsiderable ; censures Milton in this particular ; observes, that the worst defect of an historian is to vindicate tyranny ; instances it in Dr. Brady ; laments the want of a general history of England ; reflects on the use and delight of history ; considers the labours of the historian, and the cavils against him ; expresses a warm concern for Gibbon's irreligious spirit ; blames the idle censure passed on his passion for fame, which the author defends.

This third Epistle is rather inferior in point of style and composition to the other two ; though there are many fine strokes and most excellent lines in it, particularly those which so deservedly censure Herrera for his flattery of the execrable Philip.



Philip, and the following admirable description of the perfect historian.

‘ Nor moderation’s dupe, nor faction’s brave,  
Nor guilt’s apologist, nor flattery’s slave :  
Wise, but not cunning ; temperate, not cold ;  
Servant of truth, and in that service bold ;  
Free from all biaſs, ſave that juſt controul  
By which mild Nature ſways the manly ſoul,  
And Reaſon’s philanthropic ſpirit draws  
To Virtue’s intereſt, and Freedom’s cauſe ;  
Thoſe great ennoblers of the human name,  
Pure ſprings of power, of happineſs, and fame !  
To teach their influence, and ſpread their ſway,  
The juſt hiſtorian winds his toiliſome way :  
From ſilent darkneſs, creeping o’er the earth,  
Redeems the ſinking trace of uſeful worth ;  
In Vice’s boſom marks the latent thorn,  
And brands that public peſt with public ſcorn.  
A lively teacher in a moral ſchool !  
In that great office ſteady, clear, and cool !  
Pleaſ’d to promote the welfare of mankind,  
And by informing meliorate the mind !  
Such the bright taſk committed to his care !  
Boundleſs its uſe ; but its completion rare.’

Mr. Gibbon’s irreligious ſpirit is touched by our author with ſo much delicacy, that we cannot with-hold from our readers the following ſhort quotation :

‘ Think not my verſe means blindly to engage  
In raſh defence of thy profaner page !  
Tho’ keen her ſpirit, her attachment fond,  
Baſe ſervice cannot ſuit with friendſhip’s bond ;  
Too firm from duty’s ſacred path to turn,  
She breathes an honeſt ſigh of deep concern,  
And pities genius, when his wild career  
Gives faith a wound, or innocence a fear.  
Humility herſelf, divinely mild,  
Sublime Religion’s meek and modeſt child,  
Like the dumb ſon of Cræſus, in the ſtrife,  
Where force aſſail’d his father’s ſacred life,  
Breaks ſilence, and, with filial duty warm,  
Bids thee revere her parent’s hallow’d form !’

The idea of Humility, the daughter of Religion, pleading for her parent, is finely conceived, and truly poetical.

Though the laſt Epistle, as we before hinted, might, on a careful reviſal by our author, be made much more complete, and the ſubject-matter of it be arranged in a better manner, this poem is, upon the whole, one of the beſt that has been published for ſome time paſt. The notes ſubjoined are too long, and many of them unneceſſary.

*A Diſcourſe*

*A Discourse delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, on May 9th and 10th, 1780. By Richard Watson, D.D. F.R.S. 4to. 6d. Rivington.*

**I**N this discourse the learned author proposes a plan for the encouragement of Oriental literature, and represents the advantages which we may probably derive from the translation of eastern manuscripts, and a more intimate acquaintance with Arabic, Persian, and Chinese authors.

‘ We yet know nothing, or next to nothing, of the treasures of eastern learning; but, from what we do know, there is no reason why we should be deterred from endeavouring to know more. Proverbs and poems have their graces and their uses: but from eastern learning we derive more substantial benefits, than what can be expected from such compositions. We owe algebra intirely to the Indians or Arabians: chymistry, medicine, natural history, geography, and many of the most abstract sciences are indebted to the Arabians, if not for their birth, at least for their support and protection, when they were abandoned by all the states of Europe. It is said, that the Arabians translated into their own language the most celebrated works of all other nations. If this be a fact, and the learned admit it as such, have we not great reason to believe, that many monuments of Roman, Grecian, Egyptian, and Chaldean literature, may be preserved in the Arabic translations, though the originals are irrecoverably lost? No language, not even the Grecian, after the conquests of Alexander, had ever so extensive a spread as the Arabic after the victories of Mahomet.’

The celebrated Dr. Hyde, in his *Oratio de Linguae Arabicæ Antiquitate*, informs us, that an ambassador from the emperor of Morocco assured him, that in his country they had one library, containing 100,000 volumes in the Arabic language; another, containing 200,000; and a great number of in *note*. If this be true, it is impossible to say, what extraordinary productions may be hoarded up in these repositories. Leo Africanus, in his description of Africa, takes no notice of these great libraries. But then it must be remembered, that Leo wrote about the year 1526, a hundred and fifty years before the time of the ambassador who gave Dr. Hyde this account; and these libraries may have been collected since that time. We are, however, inclined to suspect, that his excellency has exceeded the truth on this occasion.

Be this as it may, our learned author thinks, that the translation of the Oriental manuscripts, which we already possess, is a work worthy of the attention of all the universities in Europe. For, says he,

‘ We



‘ We have hundreds of volumes in our English libraries; France, Holland, Italy have many; and the library of the Escurial alone, if we may judge from the catalogues which have been lately published, would amply reward all our pains. Men skilled in these languages should be invited from every quarter, formed into a kind of society, and employed for life, under the direction of proper persons, in the drudgery of translation. Nothing, worth notice in this way, can be expected from the detached labours of a few professors of Hebrew or Arabic; men of liberal education cannot readily be brought to undertake such a task, and if they could, the matter may be effected at a much easier expence by the labours of inferior persons. What would be an adequate reward for three or four needy Turks or Persians, would not be a proper stipend for one man of letters, who should be obliged annually to produce the fruits of his unremitted diligence. But without entering into the particular manner of accomplishing this design, I cannot help being of opinion, that an institution established at Cambridge, for the express purpose of translating and publishing Oriental manuscripts, would redound to the credit of the university; and tend to put the learned world in possession of a very valuable part of literature, of which at present we have but a very imperfect knowledge. There is no reason to be alarmed at the difficulty of this undertaking, when we consider, what the great industry of Dr. Kennicot has effected in collating the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament; for if the ability of one man can do so much, what might not be expected from the joint abilities of a society of men united into a body, for the accomplishing of one single object?

‘ But an establishment at home, for the purpose of translating such Oriental manuscripts as are already to be met with in Europe, is but a part of the plan; men should be sent abroad into Persia, India, China, into every country of the globe where there are manuscripts of any antiquity, in order to collect them; for it is a mortifying reflection, that we know very little of the history of the human race; especially when there is a probability, that we might know more. The mouldering hand of time has, indeed, defaced some of the most precious monuments of antiquity; and those few which might have escaped the natural vicissitudes of human things, have been utterly destroyed by the desolation of unnatural war. The pestilent ambition of a few bad men, has left us in a state of irremediable ignorance, I fear, concerning the mutual dependencies of different nations, the primeval population of the globe, and the intellectual improvement of the human race. Yet, much remains to be done. Europe is but lately emerged from a long barbarism; and there may be countries in Asia, which have never experienced any interruption in the progress of arts, or the cultivation of learning.’

He



He adds, ' We have good reason to believe, that could the ancient histories of Indostan, Thibet, Siam, and China, be obtained, they would be well worthy of our attention. For if a skill in manufactures be a sign of civilization, we know from various authorities, that the Indians and Chinese were as much superior to the most ancient nations of the Western world, in the arts of dying, japanning, weaving of silk and linen, and other trades, as they are at present to us. " And if we may be allowed to draw any conclusions from the immense buildings now existing, and from the little of the inscriptions which can be interpreted on several of the choultries and pagodas, I think it may safely be pronounced, that no part of the world has more marks of antiquity for arts, sciences, and civilization, than the Peninsula of India, from the Ganges to Cape Comorin."

This learned writer then proceeds to shew, that a translation of Oriental manuscripts may tend to remove many of the difficulties which have been conceived against the authority of Moses, from the supposed high antiquity of the Eastern histories, and their silence concerning a deluge.

Learned men (Grotius, Bryant, Catcott, &c.) have evidently proved, that a tradition concerning a deluge has prevailed in almost every part of the globe, except India and China. Now, says our author, may not this be a reason for us to hesitate a little, till we know more of those countries, before we positively affirm that they have no such tradition, especially when there is a diversity of testimony upon the subject?

If, continues he, we should be able to find in the histories of the eastern nations, as certain traditions concerning a deluge, and as certain proofs of the invalidity of their pretensions to any great antiquity, as are confessedly to be met with in every other quarter of the globe, should we not have great reason to acquiesce in the account given by Moses of the deluge, and the subsequent spreading of the descendants of Noah over all the earth, notwithstanding the difficulties which may attend our endeavours to explain the manner in which the deluge was effected? But besides the universality of the tradition concerning a deluge, which a more minute acquaintance with the general history of mankind would probably establish, other proofs, he thinks, of a common origin might be expected from the inquiry; such as those which may be derived from a similarity of customs, which are very general, and yet too singular in their nature to have sprung from any common necessity of mankind.

The olive-branch, he observes, was a signal of peace, not only amongst Greeks and Romans, but likewise among the Alpine nations, who met Hannibal in his passage; among the  
Americans,

Americans, who addressed Columbus; amongst other barbarians mentioned by Dampier; and among the inhabitants of the Southern Isles discovered by our late navigators. He mentions the general prevalence of human sacrifices, of serpent-worship, cuttings in the flesh at funerals, sounding of trumpets during eclipses, &c. and particularly takes notice of a striking similarity in the customs of the Egyptians and Peruvians. Compare Witfii *Ægyptiaca* with the History of Peru by Garcilasso de la Vega.

As to the means of accomplishing the scheme here proposed, they might, he says, be pointed out with great facility.

• A small society of proper persons, part of whom should be employed at home in translating, and the other part in travelling to collect materials, would complete the business in half a century. The public expence attending the maintenance of such a society, would be but as a drop in the ocean, compared with what is annually expended for less beneficial purposes. Without increasing the public burdens, by recurring to parliamentary liberality, we need have no fear of obtaining from royal munificence, or private benefaction, such aids as, when added to other resources which the university of Cambridge has a prospect of speedily possessing, would be sufficient for the purpose.

This is a noble and extensive scheme, and well worth pursuing; but experience only can determine what advantages may be derived from it. The Arabic language is one of the chief sources of Oriental learning. But when we consider the specimens which Erpenius, Gellius, Pococke, and others, have given us of the Arabic writers, the histories of Elmacinus, Abulpharagius, and Eutychius, the geographical works of Abulpheda and Gabriel Sionita, and the various productions of Averroes and Avicenna, we shall not be very sanguine in our expectations from that quarter.

*Abcdario Musico.* 8vo. 11. 6. Bladon\*.

IT has with great truth been said, that 'praising all, is praising none;' it is the same with general abuse, which loses its force when indiscriminately bestowed. The concealed author of this virulent pamphlet, has, indeed, tried to praise one or two of the musicians in his alphabet, but in so awkward and

• By an article in one of the newspapers, it was attempted to make the public believe that this libel against the offspring of Apollo was the production of a certain baronet at Bath, as remarkable for his good-nature and hospitality, as this petulant author is for bitterness, and a nauseous want of Christian charity.

VOL. L. July, 1780.

C

reluctant



reluctant a manner, that his good word can be little less mortifying to his favourites, than his censure. What provocations he may have received from the sons of Apollo, we know not; but he seems as obstinately bent on humbling their pride as Midas was to lower the crest of their fire and protector. That there are dunces in every profession the public need not to be told; but that music, in England, has more than other arts and professions at present, cannot easily be proved: as every candid judge of the subject must allow that the practice of this art, in many particulars, is so much advanced within these thirty years, that the worst performer in the opera band is now superior to the best in the whole kingdom before that period, particularly among the players on the violin, tenor, and violoncello. There were, perhaps, more good organ-players formerly than now; but the harpsichord and piano forte were never so well understood, or so generally well played on as at present. If it should enter into the head of a malevolent censor to make a general attack on the members of any other profession, on those of law or physic, for instance, would it be more difficult or less cruel to blazon their defects or infirmities? Want of knowledge and skill in these is, indeed, attended with more serious consequences than in musicians, as our lives and fortunes are in their hands; whereas if a dull composer, or clumsy performer, has the good fortune to please the ignorant and injudicious, whom does he injure? will it be doing his friends and protectors any kindness to render them fastidious, without enlarging their knowledge or refining their perceptions and taste?

This author, with all the bitterness and invective of an Archilochus, will, we hope, if he is ever discovered, be found equal to that satirist in genius and abilities, as nothing but superior talents or science can give weight to decisions which, in general, differ, *toto caelo*, from those of the candid public.

We shall not attempt the refutation of particular errors and misrepresentations in a work, of which the whole tissue and texture are composed of spleen and malignity. Poor Arne! had he been living, would have had no quarter from such a writer; indeed, his vanity and absurdity made him obnoxious to many people during his life-time; but true envy and malevolence feed only on the reputation of those who are still above-ground, and, by some means or other, in their way. The charge against the doctor's son, however, is unintelligible, when he is said to 'run so much into the *fuguing* manner of the late Handel as he does in the Highland Laddie, Sweet Passion of Love,' &c. We believe if Mr. Arne could write such fugues



fugues as Handel, he would not bestow them on ballads; but we are wholly unacquainted with his *fuguing* manner, though we have been obliged to hear his songs, which have been just mentioned, much more frequently than we wished.

As a proof of this author's art of mortifying those of whom he speaks most favourably, we shall only instance Giardini, to whom he is more civil than to any one else; and yet he will not allow him, after thirty years study and exercise of his profession, to understand harmony. When Giardini arrived in this country, the pedantry of fugue and contrivance had rendered it necessary for every musician to work himself into reputation by such Gothic means; and Giardini, being of another school and country, whence *perpetual fugue* had been banished by the good sense and taste of Hæssle, Vinci, and Pergolesi, was pronounced ignorant of counterpoint on his arrival, and is still supposed, by such critics as our author, to have remained stationary in spite of experience, and the great number of admirable trios and quartettos which he has lately produced. But, to make him amends, he is said to have *changed the strings and bow* of Cramer: an assertion utterly invidious and groundless. Cramer was as great a player, with respect to every part of his performance, on his first arrival in England as at present, except the *Cantabile*; and in this, if he is very much improved since that time, it would be but justice to ascribe it to Abel, whom he has so frequently heard, and from whose exquisite manner of playing an *adagio* he has had the good sense and dexterity to profit.

Bach is the hero of this pamphlet, though he is both injudiciously and unjustly praised: his merit as a composer is indisputable, particularly in some of his operas and almost all his symphonies, which last have a force and originality that manifest him to be a composer of great genius and abilities; but his harpsichord music is certainly feeble, and frequently insipid, when performed without the accompaniments, which are so excellently played at his own concertos. Whatever Mr. Bach's hand and style may have been formerly, he certainly shuns all difficulties at present, and indulges in writing for the harpsichord both his own ease, and the idleness of the English ladies, whom he has taught to be more pleased with frivolous variations to Scotch tunes than new and original compositions. Thus far the author praises his favourite *injudiciously*; and it is certainly unjust, when he is pronounced to give his composition and assistance to such able musicians as Cramer and Schroeter, who are as capable of writing for their own hands and instruments as Mr. Bach. Indeed Kammel's gentleman-like productions do not bear the least marks of Mr. Bach's gener-

sity, though a thought may now and then have been filched from him *sans y penser*.

The harpsichord, since Mr. Bach's arrival in this country, has been rendered much less independent than it used to be in the time of his father Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti, and, indeed, in the early part of his brother's life-time, the admirable Emanuel Bach, long in the service of the king of Prussia, at Berlin, and now music-director at Hamburgh, whom our author erroneously calls the father of Mr. Christian Bach. These great masters of keyed-instruments could support them by their own powers, without calling in the assistance of violins, hautboys, and violoncellos, which are so seldom found in private families, that the accompaniments to harpsichord pieces, which are now always printed, are scarcely ever used except in public concerts.

But Mr. Bach is to be praised not only for all that he *has* done, but even for what he has *not* done: for his lessons for two performers on one instrument, which, according to our peremptory critic, are so superior to those of the first publisher of harpsichord duets, are *not to be found*. There is indeed *one* of that kind, published by Mr. Bach, with four very agreeable sonatas, and a duet for two harpsichords or piano fortes; but this single composition, though light and pleasing, does not seem to annihilate, or, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up all others of the same kind.

Of our author's knowledge in singing, we may judge by his character of Piozzi, and sovereign contempt for Pacchierotti. But of this art he seems to know no more than the fingers in the Beggar's Opera, Dibdin's farces, and Vauxhall ballads, have taught him. Indeed he endeavours to be civil to the talents of Mad. Le Brun, which are those of a mere instrument or Canary bird, not of a human creature of feeling and sensibility. However he much extols the *excellence* of her style, and *judgment* of her cadences, which are not those of any great singer she has heard in England, Germany, or Italy; but, by inverting the order of things, exactly *those of her husband's hautbois*.

The opinion of this author is surely somewhat new and singular, when he asserts that 'Italian fingers are *possessed of little taste or fancy*.' And yet what *pretty turns* our play-house ballad-fingers are said to have, when ever so small a portion of this little taste is given *second-hand* at any of our theatres! But why is a Lindley or a Harper admired, unless for singing *a little like these Italians*? It is not, we apprehend, the taste of J. B. Esq. that has polished the charming voice of Miss Harrop, and rendered her the favourite of the public, but the lessons she has received from Sacchini; and of which we heartily wish she would procure many more.

Pacchierotti,



Pacchierotti, who, according to our candid critic, 'sings so horribly out of tune, with a cracked voice and indifferent manner,' has, in spite of his *trifle countenance*, gawky figure, and want of youth and beauty, not only got the better of R——ni's vocal powers but *dimples*. Persons of the best judgment, taste, and feeling, are now unanimous in following him wherever he performs, and admiring his variety of style and embellishments, as well as the natural tone of his voice, and his exquisite expression and sensibility. But this author's abuse can have little more weight with persons of real knowledge in the art of music, than that of a parrot or magpye, that has learned to pronounce the words *rogue* or *rascal*, which he applies indiscriminately to all passengers who pass through the street where his cage is placed.

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*Supplement to the Edition of Shakspeare's Plays published in 1778 by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. In two Volumes. Containing additional Observations by some of the former Commentators: to which are subjoined the genuine Poems of the same Author, and seven Plays that have been ascribed to him; with Notes by the Editor and others. 8vo. 18s. Boards. Bathurst. (Continued from Vol. xlix. p. 329.)*

**I**N our Review for May last, we gave a general account of these supplemental volumes; and shall now lay before our readers some of the excellent annotations they contain.

In the Prolegomena we are first presented with a very copious account of the internal form, œconomy, and customs of our ancient English theatres, written by Mr. Malone, the editor of the work: to this succeeds some anecdotes of the principal performers at the Globe play-house, and a copy of a very curious paper that is supposed to have hung up in some old theatre, containing a description of a species of entertainment of which no memorial is preserved in the annals of the English stage. We next meet with the following observations relative to the tradition of the Crown inn at Oxford, by Mr. Warton, author of the History of English Poetry.

\* Antony Wood is the first and original author of the anecdote that Shakspeare, in his journies from Warwickshire to London, used to bait at the Crown-inn on the west side of the corn-market in Oxford. He says, that Davenant the poet was born in that house in 1606. "His father (he adds) John Davenant, was a sufficient vintner, kept the tavern now known by the sign of the *Crown*, and was mayor of the said city in 1621. His mother was a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this *William* [the poet]. The father, who was a very grave and discreet citizen, (yet an admirer and lover of plays and play-makers, especially *Shakspeare*, who frequented his house in his journies between Warwickshire and London) was of a melancholick disposition, and



" was seldom or never seen to laugh, in which he was imitated by  
 " none of his children but by Robert his eldest son, afterwards fel-  
 " low of St. John's college, and a venerable Doctor of Divinity." *Wood. Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 292. edit. 1692. I will not suppose that Shakspeare could have been the father of a Doctor of Divinity who never laughed: but it was always a constant tradition in Oxford that Shakspeare was the father of Davenant the poet. And I have seen this circumstance expressly mentioned in some of Wood's papers. Wood was well qualified to know these particulars; for he was a townsman of Oxford, where he was born in 1632. Wood says, that Davenant went to school in Oxford. *Ubi supr.*

As to the *Crown-Inn*, it still remains as an inn, and is an old decayed house, but probably was once a principal inn in Oxford. It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which seems to have been a sort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating (as was the custom) different parties at once, there was a bow window, with three pieces of excellent painted glass. About eight years ago, I remember visiting this room, and proposing to purchase of the landlord the painted glass, which would have been a curiosity as coming from Shakspeare's inn. But going thither soon after, I found it was removed; the inn-keeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the house, who began to suspect that he was possessed of a curiosity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in such a place: and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glass consisted of three armorial shields beautifully stained. I have said so much on this subject, because I think that Shakspeare's old hollery at Oxford deserves no less respect than Chaucer's Tabarde in Southwark.

The subsequent remark on — *And that my love, &c.* in the *Tempest*, was made by the late Mr. Justice Blackstone.

Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's second speech, in page 214, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Protheus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouement, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's, (which I cannot doubt) it was one of his very early performances.

To the same learned and ingenious gentleman are we indebted for the following remark on a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is intended as a sequel to Mr. Steevens's note on the same subject.

These knights will *hack* (that is, become cheap and vulgar) and therefore she advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this discourse about knighthood is added since the first edition of this play; and therefore I suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in bestowing these honours, and erecting in 1611, a new order of knighthood, called *Baronets*; which few of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See Sir Hugh Spelman's epigram on them, *Gloss.* p. 76, which ends thus:

" — dum cauponare recusant

" Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri;

" Interea e caulis hic prorepat, ille tabernis,

" Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat."

See another stroke at them in *Othello*, vol. X. p. 553.

'To *hick* and to *hack*, in Mrs. Quickly's language, signifies to *flammer* or *hesitate*, as boys do in saying their lessons.'

In *Measure for Measure*, Mr. Malone makes a pertinent observation on

'But here they live to end.] So the old copy. Is it not probable that the author wrote:

But *where* they live to end.

'The prophecy is not, that future evils should end *ere* or before they are born; or in other words, that there should be no more evil in the world (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration seems to have understood it); but, that they should end *where* they began; i.e. with the criminal, who being punished for his first offence, could not proceed by *successive degrees* in wickedness, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice.

So, in the next speech:

"And do him right, that answ'ring *this* foul wrong,

"Lives not to act *another*."

'It is more likely that a letter should have been omitted at the press, than that one should have been added.'

The next note with which we shall present our readers, is also the production of the ingenious editor. It relates to a passage in *Much ado about Nothing*.

'If such a one will smile, &c.] What militates strongly against Dr. Johnson's pointing, and consequently against his interpretation, is, that in these plays, the words *cry* and *hem* are generally found joined together. So, in *As you like It*:

"If I could *cry hem* and have him——"

'Again, in *The First Part of Henry IV.* act II. sc. iv. and in many other places.

'A very slight alteration of the text will, I apprehend, make perfect sense:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard;

In sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan;

'And and in hastily or indistinctly pronounced might easily have been confounded, supposing (what there is great reason to believe) that these plays were copied for the press by the ear.

'By this reading a clear sense is given, and the latter part of the line is a paraphrase on the former.

'To *cry hem* was, as appears from the passage cited by Mr. Tyrwhitt, a mark of testivity. So also from *Love's Cruelty*, a tragedy by Shirley, 1640:

"Cannot he *laugh* and *hem*, and kiss his bride,

"But he must send me word?"

'Again, in *The Second Part of Henry IV*:

"We have heard the bells chime at midnight—that we have, that we have;—our watch-word was, *hem*, boys."

'On the other hand, to *cry woe* was used to denote grief. Thus, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—— but the last, O Lords,

"When I have said, *cry woe*."

'With respect to the word *wag*, the using it as a verb, in the sense of to *play the wag*, is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. There is scarcely one of his plays in which we do not find substantives used as verbs. Thus we meet—to testimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to stage, to sever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to pas-



sion, to monster, to history, to fable, to wall, to period, to spaniel, to stranger, &c. &c.'

In *Love's Labour Lost*, we meet with an elucidating remark by Mr. Steevens, on the words—

'*Guerdon*.—*O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better, &c.*] The following parallel passage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie) that coming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his servantes: one of the sayd servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servant, and sayth unto him, Holde thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the servant receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the servant payde no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xix d. farthing* better; for it was a *shilling*, and the other but a *three-farthings*."

'Whether Shakspeare, or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour Lost* was written, and the date of the earliest edition of the *Serving-man's Comfort* &c. shall be ascertained by circumstances which at present are beyond our reach.'

In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mr. Malone makes the following plausible conjecture:

'No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an enterainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Ms. Harl. 6395:

"There was a spectacle presented to queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not he, but even honest Har. Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

'The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange.'

In

In the play last mentioned, the same gentleman makes the subsequent remark, intended to follow Dr. Warburton's note on—

' *And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,  
Mine own and not mine own.* ]

' An anonymous critick supposes that Shakspeare had in his thoughts the mine of rubies, belonging to the king of Zeylan mentioned by Le Blanc and other travellers) out of which the king had all that exceeded the weight of four or five carrats, and none under that weight — on which account the jewels of the mine might be called his own and not his own.

' I do not suppose any such allusion to have been intended. — Helena, I think, only means to say, that having found Demetrius unexpectedly, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*.

' Helena does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had found him, like a jewel, &c.

' A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — by starts

" His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

" *Of what he has, and has not.*"

' The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" Where ev'ry something, being blent together,

" Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

" *Express, and not express.*"

The editor's note on the following passage in the Merchant of Venice, is also worthy of observation:

' *Well, if any man in Italy—*] Dr. Johnson's explanation appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy.

' The whole difficulty of this passage, has, I believe, arisen from the omission of the particle *no*. The words, *I shall have good fortune*, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows: and begin a new sentence. The author, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine—*[I am much mistaken—] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—"I shall have *no* good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life, &c."

' So before:

" I cannot get a service, *no*;

" I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head—"

' And afterwards:

" Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*."

' The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well, you made a *simple choice*; you know *not* how to chose a man; Romeo! *no, not he*;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy;—go thy ways, wench, &c."

The subsequent note, by Mr. Whalley, on a passage in *All's Well, &c.* is obviously explanatory of the poet's meaning.

' —He



\* *—He was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.]* *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *idiot* or *natural fool*. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of *Charlewood* in *Surry*: "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried the 19<sup>th</sup> September, 1605."

We shall next present our readers with another annotation by the late learned Judge, whom we formerly mentioned. It is on the following passage in *Macbeth*.

\* *Safe toward your love and honour.]*

\* *Safe* (i. e. *saved* toward *you* love and honour; and then the sense will be—"Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was absolute and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*," as it is in *Lyttleton*. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of *Macbeth*, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says,

"When love begins to sicken and decay,

"It useth an enforced ceremony."

Mr. Malone seems to have rectified a passage in *king John* by a very small alteration.

\* *—the fat ribs of peace*

*Must by the hungry now be fed upon.]* This passage has, I think, been misunderstood, for want of a proper punctuation. There should be, I apprehend, a comma after the word *hungry*:

*Must by the hungry, now be fed upon.*

i. e. by the hungry troops, to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's is taken from the sacred writings: "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation." 107<sup>th</sup> *Psalms*.—Again: "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things, &c." *St. Luke*, c. i. 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated:

"Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;

"Ransack their abbeyes, cloysters, priories,

"Convert their coin unto my *soldiers*' use."

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropt out at the press, in the controverted line, and that our author wrote:

*Must by the hungry soldiers now be fed on.*

But the punctuation above recommended renders any alteration unnecessary.

In king Henry IV. p. I. Mr. Malone makes a remark, relative to Sir John Oldcastle, which appears to be well founded and just.

‘ From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle (not, I conceive, the lord Cobham) was represented on the stage as a very fat man.—“ Now signors, how like you mine host? did I tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fattie* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-father, and not much unlike him in *paunch*.”—The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says; “ Nay gallants, I’ll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe.”—*Signor Kickshawe* replies: “ Let’s have it, let’s taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*.”

‘ The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, I believe, was this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589) in which there is a Sir John Oldcastle, (“a pampere’d glutton, and a debauchee,” as he is called in a piece of that age) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants*, &c. Our author probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, a *mad round knave* also. From the first appearance of *King Henry IV.* the old play in which this Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, “ Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;” which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of the character.

‘ Falstaff having thus grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have crept, in some play-house copy, into one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

In another passage, in the same play, Mr. Malone seems to establish the poet’s meaning.

‘ *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven.*] Dr. Warburton’s explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. According to him, Henry steals a certain portion of courtesy out of heaven, as Prometheus stole a parcel of fire from thence. But the poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristick attribute of those deities.

‘ The meaning, I apprehend, is—I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers.

‘ *Courtesy*



'*Courtesy* is here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

"To dog his heels and *court'sy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied to *men* as well as to *women*:

"I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

"That he shall shrink under my *courtesy*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"If a man will make *curt'sy*, he is virtuous."

Again in *the Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"The homely villain *curt'sies* to her low."

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a similar thought:

"And dress myself in such humility,

"That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

Henry robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects.'

In king Henry V. the following expression is thus illustrated by Mr. Whalley.

'—*we'll be all three sworn brothers to France*:] The humour of *sworn brothers* should be open'd a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.'

The subsequent annotation by Mr. Malone, is intended to succeed Mr. Steevens's note on a passage in king Henry VIII.

'*Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons*:] As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Ms. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Johnson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been in a subsequent period:

"Shakespear was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'y thee, what, says he.—I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

'The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relator of this story.'

The next remark is made by Judge Blackstone, and is intended to follow Mr. Steevens's note on a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

*That run-away's eyes may wink.*

'That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's

preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures;

"That runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo

"Leap to those arms, untalked of and unseen."

Under the name of the same learned commentator, we meet with a note, which is designed to follow that of Mr. Steevens on—*Do I impart towards you.*—

'I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary: though it might be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as an *usurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirship* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices; had

"Popt in between the election and my hopes——"

had

"From a shelf the precious diadem stole,

"And put it in his pocket."

but never hints at his being an *usurper*. His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had "the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark;" and he at his own death prophesies that "the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice," conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the life time of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood.

Our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased with the following note by Mr. Malone, on the queen's expression in Hamlet.

'*As kill a king!*'] It has been doubted whether Shakspeare intended to represent the queen as accessory to the murder of her husband. The surprize she here expresses at the charge seems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked out, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impunity, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her, whom he used as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous adulterie, and paracide murder.—This adulterer and infamous murderer flaundered his dead brother, that he would have slain his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady had slain him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes in the North, imbased herself in such vile  
sort



fort as to falsifie her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband; which made diverse men think that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to live in her adulterie without controule." *Hyst. of Hamb.* sig. C. 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to this fact:

"I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fegon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal spouse; but when thou shalt consider the small means of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will; as also the power he made ready if I should have refused to like him; thou wouldst rather excuse, than accuse mee of lasciviousness or inconstancy, much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother *Geruth* once consented to the death and murther of her husband: swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband." *Ibid.* sig. D. 4.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct.

We cannot avoid taking notice of the following remark by judge Blackstone, on a subsequent passage in *Hamlet*.

*That young Hamlet was born.*] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoke of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first.

Mr. Steevens's note on the following passage is highly satisfactory.

*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*

*Rough-hew them how we will.*] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and a dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them; "—he could *rough hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*." Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wooll pinn'd up with *skewers*.

We shall conclude with the following extract, which is an annotation, alternately, by judge Blackstone, Mr. Steevens, and again by the former, on a passage in *Othello*.

*I did say so.*] This is a most unmeaning sentence, in the mouth of such a speaker, and at such a time. If we can suppose this part of this play to have been taken down by the ear, and so handed to the first editors, a similarity of sounds might perhaps lead to a discovery

covery of the true text. Iago has just got the fatal handkerchief, and is commenting upon it in his hand:

"In Cassio's lodgings will I lose *this* napkin.

"—*This* may do something."

But seeing Othello coming, he stops short, and hastily proceeds to conceal it. Possibly then this may be the reading:

"—*Hide it!*—*so—so—*

"Look where he comes!—"

\* *So, so*, is no uncommon interjection with Shakspeare, when a man is surprized in an action which he wishes to conceal. Othello uses it in this play, when interrupted by Emilia in the horrid act of killing Desdemona. BLACKSTONE.

'—*I did say so*:—] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with the violence of sulphur, &c.*

—*I did say so*;

Look where he comes!—

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose —I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

'As Mr. Steevens has by his interpretation elicited some meaning (though, I think, an obscure one) out of this difficult hemistic, I readily retract my amendment: being of opinion that such bold and licentious conjectures can never be warranted, unless where the sense is quite desperate. BLACKSTONE.'

The notes we have extracted are sufficient to evince the value of these two supplemental volumes, which, indeed, could not fail to merit the regard of the public, when they are the production of gentlemen so conversant with the poet's works, and so peculiarly well qualified to elucidate them.

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*A Collection of the Wills now known to be extant, of the Kings and Queens of England, Princes and Princesses of Wales, and every Branch of the Blood Royal, from the Reign of William the Conqueror, to that of Henry VII. exclusive. With Explanatory Notes, and a Glossary. 410. Boards. 18s. H. Payne.*

IT is the business of an historian, who wishes to transmit his works with honour to posterity, to collect his materials, not from the compilations of his brethren, but, whenever it is possible, from original authorities, from acts, journals, charters, trials, deeds, letters, registers, pedigrees, medals, and other public and private records. "Antiquitates (says the great lord Verulam) seu historiarum reliquiae, sunt tanquam tabulae naufragii, quas homines industrii & sagaces, ex genealogiis, fastis, titulis,



titulis, numismatibus, archivis, et instrumentis, tam publicis quam privatis, à temporis diluvio eripiunt & conservant." Fr. Bacon de Augment. Scient. ii. 6. These, therefore, being the proper sources of authentic information, ought to be either carefully preserved in their original form, or, which is infinitely preferable, faithfully and correctly printed. In this department of literature, we are much indebted to many industrious compilers. Rymer's *Fœdera*, Thurloe's *State Papers*, Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, Spelman's *Concilia*, &c. are useful publications, calculated to fix the dates of many important transactions, to elucidate obscure passages in our English annals, and direct the pen of the historian in a variety of doubtful circumstances.

The editor of this *Collection of Wills* may be reckoned among these benefactors to the public. He is the first who has given us any thing on this kind, or the same regular and extensive plan; consequently, he has opened a new (though not indeed a copious) source of intelligence, and has contributed his mite to those treasures of historical learning which we before possessed.

This *Collection* contains the wills of almost all our kings, from William the Conqueror to Henry VII. exclusive; and about thirty others, made by different personages belonging to the royal family: as, Lady Clare, Edward the Black Prince, Lionel duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt, Katherine, queen of Henry V. Cardinal Beaufort, Margaret countess of Richmond, &c.

The reader may form a competent notion of this publication, and the editor's views and labours, by the following extract from the preface.

"When the great Sobieski, to whose valour, not only Vienna, but the German empire, owed its preservation from the Turkish power, was asked in extremity to make his will, he laugh't in the face of the bishop, who had been obliged to take the most round-about method to make the proposal. "The misfortune of royalty," said the king, recollecting himself, "is, that we are not obeyed while we are alive: and can it be expected we should be obeyed after we are dead?"

"Elective kings have not the power, and the kings of uncultivated northern nations have not the idea, of making provision for their heirs, even though they are to sink at once into a private rank.

"The kings of England wanted no such monitor: but, either from motives of justice or contrition, or in a mistaken zeal to save their souls by a momentary good deed, we find most of them ready enough to engage in "the last great act of a wise man's life." The utmost of their ability was to dispose of their  
great

great treasures among their relations, servants, or ecclesiastics: The Conqueror bequeathed kingdoms; Henry II. money to monks and nuns; Henry I. and III. Edward I. and III. money, jewels, household furniture, and charitable legacies; the unhappy Richard II. in whose reign it seems to have been first allowed by authority of parliament to our kings, their heirs and successors, to make their wills, and have them duly executed, makes his testament in the spirit of the times, and at the eve of a revolution which he little suspected, while the usurper confesses his sins with all the contrition he had need of. Henry V. expresses all the anxiety of a wealthy country gentleman about his lordships and manors; and his monkish son devotes his testament intirely to found and plan two colleges.

• If from ROYAL we turn our eyes to NOBLE testaments, we shall find them conceived in nearly the same sentiments: The care of sepulture; debts; legacies, and charitable foundations, fill up the common outline: Lady Clare, the foundress of Clare-hall, Cambridge, seems to have completed that pious foundation in her life-time, only a legacy of 40 l. to it appearing in her will: The gallant prince of Wales enlarges on his tomb and his bed-furniture, within a month of his lingering death, as much as his brother of Gaunt does on his wardrobe, or the rich cardinal of England on his plate. Henry duke of Lancaster and Edward duke of York founded colleges which have long since given way to dissolution, while those two founded by Henry VI. with those which claim the "venerable Margaret" for their foundresses survive and flourish as much as they surpass them in utility, for the "increase of virtue, and dilatation of conning and stablishment of Christian faith." Richard earl of Arundel affords a striking picture of human vanity in the troublesome reign of Richard II. and Edward IV's queen a perfect portrait of royal poverty.

• This series of miscellaneous and different wills presents us with many curious particulars: We learn from them more of the manners and private life of our illustrious ancestors, some new facts in their public history, and several new descents in their pedigrees. The prospect of death sets their lives in a new point of light. Such is the force of superstition, however the present age thinks itself above its reach, that the recommendation of the soul to half a dozen saints was set up as a palliative for a thousand crimes. Men left their good works to their last moments, died in the midst of their sins, with every vicious impression deeply stampd on their souls, till purgatory or papal indulgence should wear it out.

• The language of these wills is the common language of the times, here attempted to be rendered intelligible by the help of those excellent compendious glossaries of old French, published by Monf. Borel, Monf. Laccombe, and Mr. Kelham, and the more extensive Latin one of Du Cange.

• The forms of the bequests are precise and nervous, unincumbered with the trusts and devises of modern times, more advan-



tageous to lawyers than testators. They breathe the spirit of an age when the most important grants and charters were comprised in slips of parchment not six inches square, attested by a crowd of witnesses, who seldom wrote their names.

\* The prerogative of the archbishop of Canterbury in testamentary matters extends to the probate of granting administrations, and all causes thereon depending, where the parties deceased were possessed of *bona notabilia* (that is, effects to the value of five pounds) in different dioceses, within his province, except in the diocese of London, where it is ten pound by ancient composition, and this will account for so many of the wills here printed being extant in the archiepiscopal registry at Lambeth.

\* These and the registers of the different sees, which have hitherto been generally considered as mere records of institution, endowments, or other ecclesiastical matters, have in various instances preserved many curious particulars of our national history. The Black Prince's letter to the bishop of Worcester, published from his register in *Archæol. I. p. 212.* may be considered as a gazette account of the battle of Poitiers. Innumerable wills, of which this small sample is here presented to the curious, deserve to be published, at least in abstract; as Sir William Dugdale has done, throughout his *Baronage*. Le Neve mentions two recorded upon the Clause Rolls, where great numbers are preserved.

\* Abusing the sacred trust of testamentary disposition was one of the aggravated crimes of that egregious plagiarist and libeller Edmund Curll, who overleapt all bounds that opposed the interest of the moment. The present editor violates no confidence which the revolution of seven centuries has not made the property of the publick. Ambitious to contribute his mite to that spirit of historic investigation that distinguishes the present age, he is conscious of the incompetency of his subject to yield him much beyond the fame of an antiquary, while he presents his countrymen with a series of wills made by our sovereigns, or the several collateral branches of the royal families; some taken from the parliamentary registers and public records, and most of the others transcribed from the archiepiscopal registers at Lambeth under the immediate inspection of the present librarian, by whom the proof-sheets were in part revised, and the whole illustrated with notes and a glossary by other learned friends.

These wills being written either in the old French, or in barbarous Latin, will be more acceptable to historians and antiquaries than to the generality of readers.

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*The Antiquity and Duration of the World. By G. H. Toulmin, M. D. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Cadell.*

THIS writer, who values himself very highly on his superior penetration, expresses the utmost contempt for those writers who have given any account of the creation, or have attempted

to fix any date to the origin of the world. 'Their vague stories on this subject should be ranked, he says, among the grossest errors of mankind.' This credulity, he tells us, is not peculiar to the undiscerning multitude; 'Men otherwise sensible, and even liberal in their sentiments, suffer themselves to be carried away, at the expence of reason and sound judgment, by the torrent of hereditary folly and vulgar prejudices.' But the case, it seems, is very different with *the real philosopher*. 'Regardless of the voice of falsehood and of folly, he listens with rapture to that of nature and of truth, under whatever circumstances they may be concealed.' It is, doubtless, a great consolation to us, that this is not an imaginary character, that there are some of these 'real philosophers,' (our author and two or three more) still remaining in the world, who have the sense and the courage to explode all vulgar prejudices and hereditary follies. These, our author tells us, are 'the *inestimable few*, men who are endued with superior abilities, who write in a rational and consistent manner, and whose clear discernment and sound understandings raise them above the ordinary level of mankind.'

Now, if their discernment be so extraordinary, we shall undoubtedly be anxious to know their sentiments. Let us therefore attend to this writer:

'Reason (he says) announces without the *shadow of hesitation*, that the human species, and the other branches of animated nature, fluctuating in their increase and decrease, their barbarism and refinement, actually *may* have flourished, amidst the unceasing revolutions of nature, through endless periods of existence.'

This is not decisive; the author only says, that the human species *may* have existed through endless periods of existence; in the following passage he positively asserts that they *have*.

'Nature is invariably the same; her laws are eternal and immutable. Substances, that seem inanimate, are yet perpetually in action, admit of changes regular and uniform; and as the vegetables rise and fall, and men exist and die, thus they have *ever done*, and *ever will do*.'

In the following passage he goes farther, and excludes the *Deity* from any concern in the creation.

'Is it not far easier to conceive things to exist as they are, and to contain eternal order and regular disposition within themselves, than to have recourse to more *magnificent causes*, which, after all, must be allowed to be eternal and self-existent? Were magnificence an objection to an eternal duration of things, is it reasonable to increase that magnificence to remove the objec-



tion? If something always has existed, or must have been eternal,—why not pay a deference to the magnificent and beautiful objects, of whose existence we are *certain*? Why not grant eternity to *Nature*?

Aristotle asserted the eternity of the world, but not in opposition to the belief of the being, or of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. On the contrary, he maintained the world to be eternal for no other reason, than because he imagined that such an effect must eternally proceed from such an eternal cause, as the divine mind, which, being all act and energy, could not rest in a state of inactivity.

This hypothesis is reasonable and modest, compared with that of our author, who asserts, that things contain eternal order, and regular disposition within themselves; that there is no occasion to have recourse to more *magnificent* causes; and that we ought to grant eternity to *Nature*.

Men who deny a Providence make use of the word *Nature*, as a sufficient solution for every thing. But this is a term of a very ambiguous signification. Sometimes by *Nature* is meant an active principle; and then it either means the Supreme Being, denoting not only his power, but his method of acting; or else it signifies an inferior agent, actuating the world under him, in a stated method; which is what some understand by the *Anima Mundi*. And in either of these senses, it implies, either immediately or ultimately, a wise Providence ordering all things. When an intelligent and active Providence, antecedent and superior to matter and motion, is excluded, *Nature* can signify nothing but the state in which things are, without any consideration of what causes them to exist. So that this is only the name of the effect, and not of any real agent. And to this sense all the atheistical hypotheses of *Nature* must be finally reduced.

To suppose, with our author, that all things are from eternity, without any supreme, intelligent power to produce them, or put them in motion, is to suppose, that there may be an infinite series of effects without any efficient cause; and that order, motion, and intelligence necessarily result from what is naturally destitute of every one of these properties. Yet this is the doctrine of the *inestimable* few!

How different were the sentiments of one, whom the world has hitherto considered as 'a real philosopher,' the illustrious Mr. Boyle! That excellent writer composed a treatise expressly on this subject\*, with a design to confute the absurd principle of those atheists who ascribe effects to nature, which

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\* A free Enquiry into the vulgar Notion of Nature.

can only be produced by the infinite power and wisdom of God.

But let us examine upon what foundation our 'ineffable' author builds his hypothesis.

Having shewn the limited extent of human tradition, allowing it even its utmost latitude; he proceeds to the principal part of his enquiry, viz. his argument in favour of the eternity of the world, drawn from the numerous remains of marine productions, petrified bones, trees, &c. which are found within the bowels of the earth, in every part of the globe.

'The bones of the human species, for instance, have been found petrified in great abundance, at a considerable depth, in the rock of Gibraltar. Though changed into stone, the minutest parts of the human skeleton are at once to be distinguished. The bones of the head, the teeth, those of the arms and of every distinct member are perfectly visible. Appearances similar to those at Gibraltar, as well as the bones of a variety of animals, have also been discovered in the rocks of Dalmatia, upon the eastern coast of the Adriatic. Not many years ago, two large teeth and part of the trunk of an elephant were met with, transmuted into stone, in a lead-mine in Flintshire, forty-two yards below the surface of the earth. Other such remains of elephants have been discovered in different districts of England, and throughout various parts of Europe. In short, instances of the bones of animals, petrified or changed into stone, have every where presented themselves.

'Much might be said on the petrified state in which these bones, as well as other substances, are met with. The slow advance of petrefaction in many instances, and the surprising progress that various substances have nevertheless made towards it, afford perhaps the most ample field for speculation.

'The vast rocks, the mountains of stone, the immense districts of such substance; in short, every species and every particle of stone or petrified matter existing, demonstrably appear to have been gradually and progressively generated. That stone has not originally been in that petrified or hardened state, in which it is at present met with, various circumstances sufficiently convince us.

'In the very middle, for instance, of the largest bodies of marble and limestone, and those too at the greatest distance from the surface of the earth, one may plainly observe impressions of the animals of the sea. In immense masses of stone, of a very different quality either from marble or limestone, vegetable productions are no less conspicuous.

'The facts already suggested, sufficiently support our assertions; and, indeed, were it necessary, innumerable are the proofs which might still be adduced.

'Let us then once more repeat, that at the greatest depth we ever yet have been able to descend below the surface of the



earth, one may plainly discern the remains of the vegetables and animals of the land and sea, enveloped in the substance of rocks.

‘What astonishing prospects! What a maze of antiquity does all this present! Conception itself is unequal to the contemplation. Yet what arguments, what proofs, what facts can make an impression upon men that are prejudiced and superstitious! Taught to domineer it over nature, truth, and reason, they will not admit their light, but are callous to conviction upon every such occasion. Lasting enemies to good sense, strangers in speculation, and too often in practice, to what is real virtue and morality; at mortal variance with every thing that is mild and amiable in life; they eternally oppose both their own happiness, that of mankind, and the real interests of society.’ —

‘In Touraine, a province of France upwards of a hundred and eight miles from the sea, throughout a district of eighty square miles, eight or nine feet below the surface, they come to a bed of shell-marle, constituted chiefly of oysters and other marine productions. These shells are found to extend, in many districts, to an unknown depth, but, upon the whole, at least to the depth of eighteen feet; and will be found to amount, upon the most limited computation, to a hundred and forty millions of cubic fathoms of shells, mostly decayed and broken into fragments.

‘That such curious and familiar objects are, universally, the genuine offspring of the sea, will be readily acknowledged. The shells and fishes, in some districts, are still found to retain their marine matter, though much decayed. But of the prodigious quantity of shells transmuted into stone, some are found whole, others broken, many bored through by an animal well known to prey upon the living fish; and they have the same effects, used chemically, medically, and in agriculture, as those taken immediately from the ocean.

‘The shell-fish of the same kind are of all sizes, some young and others old. They form distinct beds of oysters, cockles, &c. Their smallest articulations may be remarked, and even the pearls are observed that the living animal produced. The teeth too of many of the fishes are in such a state, as sufficiently to convince us that they have been made use of, and consequently that they belonged to animals that once were alive. The appearance of the limestone rocks upon the tops of mountains, and in the various districts of the world, is no less conclusive.

‘And that all this has not been occasioned, as has been vulgarly conceived, by any universal inundation of the ocean, is demonstrable, both from the fishes petrified in the beds of limestone, which seem to be in the places where they have been generated, lived, and died, forming distinct beds of oysters, cockles, &c. and oftentimes deposited with as much regularity as beds of living shell-fish are in any part of the sea; and from the various  
marine

marine productions which, in variety of instances, are separated by immense beds of vegetable or other matter.

‘ Such are indisputed monuments of a singular succession of events! such the proofs that the sea is by no means stationary! They indeed seem to prove to us, beyond all manner of controversy, that this element, at repeated and different periods, has exercised every where its dominion!

‘ Nature testifies this by a variety of different instances. Circumstances render it evident, that many of the islands of the world have, one time or other, been the highest land of adjoining continents; and it is not improbable, that those continents themselves, as it has already been suggested, alternately have been buried, and have emerged from the ocean. From this reasoning, then, it follows, that the various islands of the globe, as they have many of them been joined to some other country, so will they at future periods exist no longer as islands. Either the sea departing will leave them portions of adjoining continents; or, by its certain though slow advances, immerse them in its restless waters.

‘ A curious circumstance it may not be amiss here to mention, though not with any kind of view to confirm the preceding reasonings, as they stand in no need of confirmation from things that are ambiguous. The whole of the islands of the South sea would seem to have constituted one vast aggregate. Without the possibility of communication, the inhabitants of Otaheite and New Zealand, separated by the sea two thousand miles from each other, have, nevertheless, been found to speak nearly the same language. —

‘ A considerable time is past, says Plato, since the land of Atlantis was in being. It was as large as *Asia-Minor* and *Syria* \* united, and was situated near the Pillars of Hercules in the Atlantic ocean. The imagination of the poetical philosopher exults in the description of those numerous advantages, which the inhabitants so long enjoyed in that charming region. This felicity, together with their distinguished refinement, terminated, however, by a dreadful and unexpected inundation. For the sea, suddenly forsaking its ancient station, at once overwhelmed the country and drowned all its inhabitants. At present, not even the smallest vestige of such a land is any where to be met with.’

From these, and a variety of other phenomena, which our author has described, it must, he thinks, indisputably appear,

‘ That not one single substance in nature is either permanent or primary.

‘ That the animals, the vegetables, the earths, the stones, the minerals, alike take their origin in the gradual progress of time, and, in its unceasing succession, are alike exposed to innumerable transmutations.

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\* Plato says, the island Atlantis was larger than *Africa* and *Asia* united. In *Timæo et Critia*, p. 1045, & 1100. Ed. Ficini.



‘ That the globe itself, from a multitude of causes, is subject to the most slow but interesting revolutions.

‘ That it undergoes incredible changes from heat and cold, volcanos and earthquakes.

‘ That vast alterations are perpetually made by the decay, generation, petrification, and other transmutations of vegetables and animals.

‘ That the sea is continually altering the very face of the earth.

‘ That in the *eternal* lapse of time, it alternately encroaches upon the dry land, takes it from, and again restores it to its inhabitants.

‘ And that gradual, but obvious influences occasion those numerous yet partial inundations, that have been found to make such deep and lasting impressions; and which have existed in every country, and left behind them the most visible marks of ruin and devallation.’

The general inference which the author deduces from these observations is, that the world is eternal; and ‘ that the human species have had, and will have, a uniform and *infinite existence*.’

But before he drew this conclusion he should have considered, not only the component parts of the earth itself, but other important circumstances, relative to its external appearance and its inhabitants.

About two thousand years ago, the greater part of the earth, of Europe in particular\*, was lonely, rude, and uncultivated, over-run with woods, morasses, and deserts. But whence this want of cultivation, if the inhabitants had existed through infinite ages?

Sir Matthew Hale has proved, from an account of all the cities, towns, and villages, taken in the time of William the Conqueror, that the number of inhabitants in Britain, within six hundred years from that period down to his time, was increased in above a twenty-fold proportion. But how shall we account for this increase upon the foregoing hypothesis?

Another circumstance which seems to be incompatible with the unlimited existence of mankind, is the affinity of lan-

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\* See the account which Cæsar, and other ancient writers, have given us of Britain, Gaul, Germany, &c. Cæsar tells us, that the breadth of the Hercynian forest was nine days journey; but as to its length, all Germany did not produce a man who could boast of having reached its extremity. He also mentions a wood called *Bæcenis*, ‘*infinitæ magnitudinis*,’ of immense extent. *De Bell. Gall.* vi. 23. 10. Other writers speak of the Cælian, Gabretian, Semanian, Marcianian, and the Lunian woods. *Cellar.* ii. 5. So that all Germany then made, as it were, one vast forest, with only some intermediate spaces, occupied by the rude and barbarous inhabitants. Yet this country was situated in the heart of the temperate zone.

guages, or rather the derivation of some of the most considerable languages from one mother tongue. This affinity is a proof, that mankind sprung from the same ancestors, and consequently began to exist at no very distant period.

In a word, the late discovery of unknown countries and unpeopled regions, the known original of histories and traditions, the beginning of empires, the rise and progress of arts and sciences, are plain indications that the world has not existed from eternity. If it had, half the globe would not have remained for infinite ages wild and desolate; mankind would not have continued so long without laws, learning, or embellishments, and we should undoubtedly have had books more ancient than those of Moses, or some traces of preceding times. But since we have no memorials of a more early date, we may reasonably conclude, that the human species have not existed many thousand years.

But, says this writer, empires rise and fall; barbarism and civilization, knowledge and superstition, riches and poverty, alternately succeed each other.—The literary advances of the present day may fade, from incidents totally unforeseen. Our boasted civilization, at some future period, may no longer exist. It is well known, that the learning of the Greeks and Romans was in danger of entirely perishing by the inundations of barbarous nations. Fortunately, however, some few monuments of their literary accomplishments have been preserved to us. Yet had these convulsions continued a little longer, had they but been a little more violent, should we have known what had passed among these celebrated nations, even a few centuries before us, and in the vicinity of our native country? The Romans and the Greeks were but of yesterday; and we, by the merest accident in the world, know a few of their transactions.

In opposition to this mode of reasoning, it may be observed, that the Greeks and Romans were surrounded by barbarous nations; and the very existence of their literary productions depended on the preservation of a few copies in manuscript of each respective work. It was therefore no wonder that their literature was in danger of perishing by the inundations of barbarous nations. But that very barbarism, and that *imperfect* and *precarious* state of learning, are proofs, that arts and sciences, comparatively speaking, were then in their infancy. The case is so very different at present, that it is absolutely impossible that any convulsions or revolutions whatever, less than the destruction of the whole earth, can abolish all the records of mankind, and the monuments of literature now existing.

Whatever difficulties therefore may attend our enquiries concerning the various strata of shells, bones, plants, &c. which  
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have been found at a considerable depth in the earth, yet before we conclude from hence, that the world is eternal, we ought to consider many other circumstances, which tend to establish the common hypothesis.

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*Travels through Spain, with a View to illustrate the Natural History and Physical Geography of that Kingdom, in a Series of Letters. Adorned with Copper-plates, and a new Map of Spain. By John Talbot Dillon, Knight and Baron of the Sacred Roman Empire. 4to. Boards. 11. 1s. Robinson.*

VERY ample accounts of Spain have been written by several travellers within these few years; but none has hitherto been executed upon the plan of the work now before us, which is particularly designed to elucidate the natural history of that kingdom. Don Guliermo Bowles, from whose treatise this volume is chiefly compiled, had been employed many years by his Catholic Majesty, in visiting mines, and for other purposes tending to the improvement of the country. The first object that engaged Mr. Bowles's attention, we are told, was an inspection into the quicksilver mine of Almaden, in La Mancha, at that time greatly neglected, though a place of the utmost consequence to the Spaniards, as from the cinnabar ore of this mine they extract the greater part of the quicksilver that is requisite for the working of their silver mines in America. On this expedition he set out in the year 1752; and several years after he continued his progress through most of the provinces of Spain.

In the work now under consideration, Baron Dillon has included most of the remarks made by Mr. Bowles, in his various journies, from the above mentioned period to the present time.

Besides those valuable materials, however, the volume contains many others, drawn not from the fund of Mr. Bowles's observations, but from a multiplicity of interesting sources, among which we meet with several things that must attract the attention both of the historian and antiquary.

The work begins with the division of the kingdom of Spain; after which, in the second letter, the author recites the itinerary from Bayonne to Pamplona in Navarre, and thence to Madrid. In this journey we find a particular account of the soil and products, both vegetable and mineral, of those parts. Among the latter the author describes a mine of sal gem at Valtierra. It is about four hundred paces in length, with several shafts, upwards of eighty paces, supported by pillars of salt and gypsum, which have the appearance of a Gothic cathedral,

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In the third letter the author delivers the natural history of the Grana Kermes, or Scarlet Grain. This product is the *coccus baphica* of the Greeks, the *vermiculum* or *coccum insectarium* of the Romans, and the *kermes* or *alkermes* of the Arabs. It was the ingredient used by the ancients to dye the beautiful colour called *coccinus*, *coccineus*, or *coceus*, different from the *purpura* of the Phœnicians, which at first had been obtained from the testaceous fish called the *murex*. In process of time, the purple and other tints having been more easily effected by means of the *kermes*, which was also not only less expensive than the *murex*, but gave a stronger and brighter colour, the former was universally substituted, and maintained its reputation till the discovery of America, when *cochineal*, so called from *coccinella*, as a diminutive of *coccum*, was introduced into its room.

The *kermes* is found sticking to the branches, or tender leaves of a small species of oak, called by botanists the *ilex aculeata cocci-glandifera*. This plant is about three feet in height, and grows in Spain, Provence, Languedoc, and along the Mediterranean coast; as it also does in Galatia, Armenia, Syria, and Persia, where it first came into use.

Various opinions have been entertained concerning the origin and nature of the *kermes*; some naturalists considering it as a fruit, while others regarded it as an excrescence formed by the puncture of a particular fly, the same as the common gall. But it is now discovered that the *kermes* is in reality the body of an insect transformed into a grain, berry, or husk, according to the course of nature.

‘ The progress of this transformation (says our author) must be considered at three different seasons. In the first stage, at the beginning of March, an animalcule, no larger than a grain of millet, scarce able to crawl, is perceived sticking to the branches of the tree, where it fixes itself, and soon becomes immoveable; at this period it grows the most, appears to swell and thrive with the sustenance it draws in by degrees: this state of rest seems to have deceived the curious observer, it then resembling an excrescence of the bark; during this period of its growth, it appears to be covered with a down, extending over its whole frame, like a net, and adhering to the bark: its figure is convex, not unlike a small shoe; in such parts as are not quite hidden by this soft garment, many bright specks are perceived of a gold colour, as well as stripes running across the body from one space to the other.

‘ At the second stage in April, its growth is compleated, its shape is then round, and about the size of a pea: it has then acquired more strength, and its down is changed into dust, and seems



seems to be nothing but a husk, or a capsule, full of a reddish juice not unlike discoloured blood.

Its third state is towards the end of May, a little sooner or later, according to the warmth of the climate. The husk appears replete with small eggs, less than the seed of a poppy. These are properly ranged under the belly of the insect, progressively placed in the nest of down, that covers its body, which it withdraws in proportion to the number of eggs: after this work is performed, it soon dies, though it still adheres to its position, rendering a further service to its progeny, and shielding them from the inclemency of the weather or the hostile attacks of an enemy. In a good season they multiply exceedingly, having from 1800 to 2000 eggs, which produce the same number of animalcules.

It appears that the export of kermes from Spain is still a valuable branch of commerce, and might be greatly improved.

The fourth letter comprizes the method of making saltpetre in Spain. In treating of this subject we meet with some interesting observations relative to chemistry, which we shall lay before our readers.

All the professors of chemistry I had conversed with, either in France or Germany, laid down as a fixed principle, that there are three mineral acids in nature: that the vitriolic is the universal one, belonging to metals, from whence the other two arise. That the nitrous is second in activity, and belongs to the vegetable kingdom, and the marine being the weakest of all, is homogeneous to fish. They do not include the animal acid, which united with the phlogiston, forms the phosphorus. I was further taught, that the fixed alkali of saltpetre, did not exist purely, and simply in nature, but was generated by fire, and when they found saltpetre, to be dug out of the earth naturally in the East Indies, they thought to save the difficulty, by saying it proceeded from the incineration of woods, which had impregnated the earth, with this fixed alkali, the basis of saltpetre; so that I had been led to believe, it was formed by certain combinations, that took place in the act of combustion; but I soon found my error, when I had seen the method of making saltpetre in the different provinces of Spain. I have now evident proofs that the basis of nitre really exists in the earth and in plants, the same as in the Soda of Alicant. Let these learned gentlemen come to Spain, they may convince themselves of this truth, and see saltpetre with its alkaline basis, in the manufactures of Castile, Aragon, Navarre, Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia, where it is made without the assistance of vegetable matter; sometimes throwing in a handful of ashes of matweed, merely to filter the lye of earth, and though they often meet with gypseous stone in the neighbourhood of their works, yet they make excellent saltpetre by boiling the lixivium

of their lands only, in which they do not find an atom of gypsum; consequently they have gunpowder in Spain, without being indebted for its fixed alkali, to the vegetable kingdom, and without the visible or sensible conversion of the vitriolic acid of gypsum into the nitrous.

It is found that in Spain, a third part of all the lands, and, in the eastern and southern parts, the very dust on the roads, contain natural saltpetre, which the natives prepare in the following manner: they plough the ground two or three times in winter and spring, near the villages. In August they pile it up in heaps of twenty and thirty feet high; then fill with this earth a range of vessels, of a conic shape, perforated at bottom, covering the aperture with matweed and ashes, two or three inches deep, that the water may just filter through. They afterwards pour on the water (sometimes without putting any ashes); and the lye that results from this process is put into a boiler. The common salt precipitates in the proportion of about forty pounds to the hundred; and the liquor being afterwards poured into buckets placed in the shade, it crystallizes into saltpetre.

From the immense quantity which may be made in the foregoing manner, the author observes that Spain alone could supply the world with saltpetre, without the aid of a fixed alkali, ashes, or vegetables, if this important manufacture were sufficiently cultivated.

From Bowles he observes, that the saltpetre thus crystallized is similar to that of Paris of the first boiling. In Spain they only boil it once more, when it becomes perfect, and proper for making of gunpowder, aqua fortis, and other purposes of the shops. Its basis placed in a cellar, attracts the dampness of the air, loses its activity, and forms a fixed alkali, which, mixed with the vitriolic acid, constitutes a vitriolated tartar; a certain proof, says Mr. Bowles, that the nitrous air of Spain is natural and perfect in itself, without the assistance of any fixed alkali. Admitting that this observation should prove to be well founded, the spontaneous production of the vegetable fixed alkali, in a place where no vegetables grow, is a very extraordinary occurrence in the province of chemistry.

The fifth letter gives an account of the Merino sheep, or those flocks which, after spending the summer in the northern mountains, descend in the winter to the milder provinces of Estremadura and Andalusia, and afford the finest wool. It is computed, that between fifty and sixty thousand bags of washed wool, consisting each of a hundred and ninety four pounds English, is annually exported from Spain; of which quantity about twenty thousand bags are sent to London and Bristol.

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The sixth letter treats of the inconveniencies arising from the emigrations of the Merino sheep, and the laws of the Mesta, which relate to pasturage. This letter was written in 1765, by the late ingenious Padre Sarmiento, to Don Antonio Ponz, by whom it has been published in the *Viage d'España*. It gives a lively idea of the times; shewing, as baron Dillon observes, how far the spirit of improvement has extended, and reached even within the gloomy walls of convents.

The seventh letter contains miscellaneous observations made at Madrid, with some account of the royal cabinet of natural history. The eighth letter presents us with a description of the palace and gardens of Aranjuez; and the ninth letter, an account of the baths and mineral waters of Trillo, selected from the treatise of Dr. Ortega, F. R. S. Letter X. describes the royal seat and gardens of St. Ildefonso, with some account of the city of Segovia. Letter XI. recites Mr. Bowles's departure from Madrid for the city of Burgos; and Letter XII. illustrates the remarkable objects on the road from Burgos to the provinces of Alaba and Guypuscoa, as far as Irum, the last town on the frontiers of Spain towards France.

In Letter XIII. we meet with some particulars concerning the iron mine of Mondragon, about a league distant from the town of that name, in Guypuscoa. It is found in a red clay, and produces natural steel. It is said that this ore was used for those famous swords which Catharine of Arragon presented to her consort, our Henry VIII. some of which still remain in repute in the highlands of Scotland, and are called *Andre Ferrara*, from the name of the maker. The ore of this mine yields forty *per cent.* metal, though rather difficult to fuse; and good steel may be obtained from it with very little trouble.

Letter XIV. gives an account of the environs of Reinosa, the source of the river Ebro, and the intended canal of Castile. Letter XV. recites the natural history of the Spanish plant Gryuba, or perennial-leaved strawberry-tree. Letter XVI. presents us with a description of the lordship of Biscay, and its products. And Letter XVII. contains reflections on the genius and character of the Biscayners, whom the author describes as greatly resembling the ancient Irish in their manners and customs. The seven subsequent letters are respectively employed on a description of the town of Bilboa, and the manners of the inhabitants; strictures on the injudicious method laid down in the Spanish ordinances for the propagation of timber; description of the iron mines and forges at Sommorostro, in Biscay; observations on the copper mines of La Platilla, in the lordship of

of Molina ; the source of the Tagus and its environs described ; mine of cobalt in the valley of Gistau, in the Pyrennees of Arragon ; observations on an alum mine near the town of Alcaniz, in Arragon ; remarkable depository of fossil bones, near the village of Concud in Arragon. This village is situated on a hill about two hundred paces long, thirty broad, and eighty in depth. The top of the hill is of calcareous rock, more or less hard, in strata of two or three feet breadth, full of terrestrial and aquatic shells, which appear to be calcined. In the centre of the same rocks are bones of oxen and horses, asses teeth, and other bones of smaller domestic animals. Many of the bones appear in the same state with those found in cemeteries ; others seem calcined ; some are solid, and others pulverised. The thigh and shin bones of the human race have their cavities full of a crystalline matter. In many places the horns of cattle are found mixed with the bones.

Having given an account of the first part of this volume, we shall refer that of the second till our next Review.

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*A Dissertation on the Summation of Infinite converging Series with Algebraic Divisors. Translated from the Latin of A. M. Lorgna. With illustrative Notes and Observations. To which is added an Appendix. By H. Clarke. 4to. 10s. 6d. boards. Murray.*

THE doctrine of infinite series, as this ingenious writer justly observes in his preface, is one of the most considerable and most ancient branches of the mathematics, and, he might have added, one of the most difficult. Some traces of it are visible in the 10th and 12th books of the Elements of Euclid, where he treats of incommensurables, of the measures of circles, and of the relations between spheres, prisms, and pyramids. The same principle was still farther pursued by Archimedes, who applied it to the most valuable purposes in geometry, and actually summed the series of the squares of the terms of an arithmetical progression. And in the works of this great genius is discovered the foundation of most of the other methods of series that have since been explained, whether under the name of exhaustions, indivisibles, infinitesimals, increments, differentials, or prime-and-ultimate ratios, or fluxions, that have been given or improved by Cavallerius, Torricellius, Des Cartes, Fermat, Huddenius, Huygens, Barrow, Wallis, Newton, Leibnitz, with a multitude of other mathematicians, who have cultivated this extensive subject either for the express purpose of rectifying or squaring certain curves, or with the view of determining methods of summation to be ready for use on particular



particular occasions, and so to constitute the general doctrine of series into a distinct science. Thus peculiar series, and methods of summing, were given by Gregory and Mercator, for the quadrature of the circle and hyperbola; as also by Briggs and others, in the construction of logarithms. And the great number of series derived from the all-comprehensive methods of Newton, in the solution of problems, gave occasion to the particular treatises on the subject, which have been successively written by the Bernouillis, Taylor, Monmorté, De Moivre, Goldbach, Sterling, Cotes, Euler, Riccati, Simpson, Landen, Emerson, with several other writers, who are occasionally mentioned in this work; and last of all by Dr. Waring of Cambridge, and Mr. Lorgna of Verona, the translation of whose treatise on that subject makes a part of the work now before us. This slow and partial improvement of the doctrine of series has been owing to the particular and limited methods that have been used, often with a view to particular purposes, and series only; those methods often extending to only one, or a very few classes of series, but none of them to every kind; neither could those methods enable us to pronounce any thing certain concerning many series, whether they should be really summable or not: on the contrary, they were rather fallacious in this respect, for although they left us quite in the dark as to the possibility of summing several classes of series, yet they often led us to conclude of others, that they could not be summed by any method at all, which are now with ease summed by the method of Lorgna, delivered in this work, which is much more general and comprehensive than any former publication. But, excellent and comprehensive as it is, we shall not venture to pronounce that all series which cannot be summed by it, are absolutely unsummable. It is a very just observation made by Mr. Lorgna, that the chief reasons that so many eminent men have not perfectly succeeded in this branch of the analytic art, have been the impropriety and narrowness of their methods of investigating the formulæ for the summations; by which they have concluded, in order that certain species of series may not be incompatible with a general expression or algebraic sum, 'that the terms be divided by two or more simple factors, constituting in the series the same arithmetical progression:' but in this work it is shewn, that an infinite series may be proposed which wants these properties, and yet admit of an algebraical expression for the sum. Also, 'that the greatest exponent of the indeterminate quantity in the numerator be at least two degrees lower than the greatest exponent of the same quantity in the denominator.' But this also is proved not to be general, as some series having that property are shewn

to have no restricted sum, while on the contrary, others that have not that condition are yet capable of being summed, either algebraically, or by the help of the most common quadratures; and a method is pointed out how to distinguish with certainty, whether any given series of this order be summible or not. Misconceptions have also been made concerning the generality of the signs of the terms of series, many writers having asserted, that a series, of which the signs are general, or not expressed, cannot admit of an algebraic sum; as also, on the other hand, that the summation may always be effected when the signs are restricted, by the help of algebraic curves, and in some particular cases by transcendents. But through the whole of this treatise, the formulæ are general in respect of the signs, the same expression giving the sum of the series, whether they are constant, or change alternately from plus to minus; observing to make the signs in the formulæ correspond with those on the given series; and, on the contrary, though the signs in the given series be restricted, it is proved that those series are not generally summible by any of the methods of investigation hitherto given, but often fail in the simplest cases. As to the summations for the reciprocals of uneven powers of the natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. Mr. Lorgna observes, that they have hitherto been ranked among the mathematician's desiderata. For though John Bernouilli and Leonard Euler had discovered the summation of the reciprocal series in even powers, by the quadrature of the circles, yet they failed in the others, and ingenuously confessed their inability to accomplish them. These, however, are likewise clearly investigated in this treatise, and that in a general manner, both for the reciprocals of even and odd powers, by the areas of transcendent curves.

Mr. Clarke has rendered an essential service to the English mathematicians, by bringing us so early acquainted with this valuable work; for his excellent translation of it, enriched with copious explanatory notes on the most abstruse parts, besides many judicious corrections and alterations interspersed; and still more by the very useful appendix added to it. Now that this very intricate doctrine of series has been brought to so great perfection, and formulæ investigated for all sorts of series, but scattered up and down through a number of books, or irregularly in different places of the same book, to the great hindrance of their usefulness, when application to them was necessary to be made, for any particular occasion or series, there was wanting an orderly, methodical collection of the different classes of series, with their immediately subjoined formulæ for the summation, brought into one compacted view,



or ranged in tables after the manner of fluxions and fluents, which might always be easily found when we want to sum any particular series. This service is here very completely rendered by this Appendix, which contains such an arrangement, in no less than fifty three classes of series, with their annexed formulæ, both for the sum of the infinite and indefinite number of terms. To the whole is added a large collection of examples to illustrate all these forms of series, and with the summations of which Mr. Clarke has blended a multitude of judicious reflections, observations, and corrections of errors committed by several eminent writers; forming together a complete treatise on this very interesting branch of science.

*The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Blank Verse. By William Mills. 4to. 6s. Boards. Robson.*

**V**IRGIL's *Georgics* is undoubtedly one of the finest poems among the few valuable remains of antiquity, and has been esteemed by some excellent critics as even superior to the *Æneid* in point of classical elegance and perfection. A translator must consequently lie under the greatest disadvantages in attempting to transfuse its beauties into any other language. This attempt, notwithstanding, has been frequently made in our own, and sometimes with more success than, from the difficulty of the task, we could reasonably have expected. Trapp, Dryden, Warton, Martyn, and some others of inferior note, have given us versions of it, which, in many parts, though not equal to the original, are by no means contemptible. We did not expect, at so late an hour of the day, to have seen another labourer in this vineyard. We admire the courage of Mr. Mills, and are only sorry that we cannot congratulate him on his success. The undertaking is apparently too arduous for him, and he has sunk beneath the weight of it. Unfortunately for this translator, he has, in the work before us, made use of that metre which requires the greatest art to manage and support. Blank verse is a weapon which none but the *generals* in our language are able to wield; scarce any but Milton, Phillips, Thomson, and Akenfide, have ever made the proper use of it; it is not at all fit for the hands of a common *soldier*, like Mr. Mills, who seems very awkward and undisciplined. Mark, reader, how lamely he walks, as if cramped and hampered by the measure.

Virgil, in the first book, is giving directions for making a plough, and Mr. Mills makes him speak thus:

“ Choose

' Choose a young elm, and bend it in the woods.  
 With mighty force, that it may form the tail,  
 And take the figure of the crooked plough.  
 To this be join'd a beam\* of eight feet long,  
 Two ears †, and dentals ‡ with a double back.  
 Fell the smooth linden, and the lofty beech,  
 This for the yoke, and that the handle, which  
 May turn the bottom of the plough behind :  
 And let the wood be season'd in the smoke.'

How dull, harsh, flat, and prosaic ! Would any one imagine  
 he was reading the tuneful Mantuan bard ? or that the last  
 line was meant for a translation of

' Et suspensa foci explorat robora fumus.'

This gentleman seems to be a stranger even to the common  
 rules of verse, in consequence of which we meet with many  
 lines a foot too short ; such as,

' Then you'll see the various kinds of sea-fowl.'  
 ' Vines from a slip, and Paphian myrtles.'  
 ' Victorious, the Indian effeminate,' &c. &c.

and others as much too long. Virgil, mentioning the various  
 signs of the weather, says,

' Nunquam imprudentibus æther  
 Obfuit.'

Which Mr. Mills renders thus,

' Rain never yet  
 Hurt the unwary.'

This is undoubtedly false ; as Mr. Mills, if he goes out in a  
 hard shower without his great coat, will sufficiently experience.  
 Virgil certainly meant the direct contrary, and that there are  
 always prognostics enough to indicate the approach of bad  
 weather.

' Aut illum surgentem vallibus imis  
 Aeris fugere grues,' &c.

But let us see what Mr. Mills makes of this whole beautiful  
 passage.

' Either from the vales  
 The aerial cranes, foreseeing, fly the show'r,  
 Or with broad nostrils to the sky upturn'd  
 The heifer snuffs the gale, and round the lake  
 The twitt'ring swallow flies, and in the mud  
 The croaking frogs renew their ancient plaint.  
 And oft the ant, digging a narrow path,  
 Out of her little caverns brings her eggs ;  
 The mighty bow celestial drinks the flood :  
 And leaving food a num'rous flock of crows

\* The earth-boards.

† The share-beams.

With



With sounding pinions rustle through the air.  
 Then you'll see the various kinds of sea-fowl,  
 That haunt the Asian meads in search of food,  
 And silver swans that swim Cayster's stream,  
 Sprinkle much water on their snowy backs,  
 Now dive beneath, now run along the waves,  
 And strive in vain to wash their shining plumes.  
 Then with hoarse voice the crow demands the rain,  
 And all alone expatiates on the sand.  
 The virgins too, when at their nightly tasks  
 They draw the flaxen thread, foresee the show'r,  
 When the oil sparkles in the burning lamp,  
 And putrid bubbles rise. So after rain  
 You may foresee, and by sure signs foretel  
 Fair weather and serene. For then the stars  
 Shine not with rays obtuse, nor does the moon  
 Appear to rise with lustre not her own,  
 Nor are light fleeces wafted through the air.  
 Thetis' beloved birds the kings-fishers  
 Expand not to the sun their painted wings,  
 And swine unclean forget to toss about  
 With their broad snouts handfuls of scatter'd straw.'

Mr. Addison (if we remember right) observes, in his criticism on the *Georgics*, that low and familiar as the subject of agriculture is, Virgil has so contrived as to exalt and ennoble it; and that 'he tosses about his dung with an air of majesty.' This is more than we can say of Mr. Mills in the last lines quoted, where he tells us, that

'The swine unclean forget to toss about  
 With their broad snouts handfuls of scatter'd straw.'

What a charming line is this in the original!

'Et mæstum illachrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant.'

How does it sink in the poor copy of it!

'Mournful ivory

In temples wept, and sweat ran down the brass.'

But the following is, perhaps, as good an example of the true bathos, or art of sinking in poetry, as Swift ever produced:

'Cakes too we'll offer, and in dishes bring,  
 And dragg'd by either horn a guilty goat  
 Shall at his altar stand, whose entrails fat  
 We'll roast on *bazel spits*.'

What taste the ancients, or Virgil himself, might have for goats entrails, we cannot pretend to say; certain however it is, that they would be rather disagreeable to an English stomach; nor would, indeed, the manner here prescribed, of  
 roasting

roasting them on *hazel spits*, be any extraordinary recommendation.

Another fault in this translation is, that our author is too fond of monosyllables. We meet with a great number of such verses as these :

‘ For flax burns up the fields, and so do oats.’

‘ Try not as yet the knife’s sharp edge, but pluck  
The leaves off with your hands, and thin them here and there.’

We cannot help thinking of Pope’s criticism,

‘ And ten long words oft creep in one dull line.’

In the last which we quoted from Mr. Mills, he has most ingeniously contrived to bring in, not ten only, but *twelve*, a refinement which Mr. Pope probably was not aware of. If any of our readers are fond of that easy kind of poetry which slides insensibly into downright prose, we would recommend to them the perusal of the following :

‘ Pines they produce, an useful wood for ships,  
Cedars and cypresses for houses too :  
Hence spokes for wheels, and wheels for carts and wains  
The farmers turn, and lay the crooked keels  
For ships. Willows abound with twigs, and elms  
With leaves : myrtle for stout spears, and cornel  
For other warlike weapons is deem’d good.’

And now, readers, let us ask you, whether Mr. Mills has not, like a true poet, transported you from one region to another ? and whether you have not totally forgot that all this is a part of Virgil’s *Georgics* ? If any of you are going to buy up cattle at Tatterfal’s, take along with you some of our author’s Virgilian rules for direction in the choice of them. The harmony of the verses will imprint them strongly on your memory. Remember if the horse is a good one,

‘ His neck is high,  
Sharp is his head, his belly short, his back  
Is plump.’

Then for colour, be sure you forget not that, as our poet sweetly sings,

*Bright bay* and *dark grey* horses both are good,  
The worst of colours are *pale white* and *dun*.

When you have bought your horse, take notice that

‘ Him too, when slow with sickness or with years  
He fails, hide in the stable, and excuse  
Old age *not infamous* from farther toil.’

The last line, you are to observe, which perhaps you would never have supposed, was meant for a translation of

‘ *Nec turpi ignosce senectæ.*’

A severe critic might call this an *infamous* translation.



But let us see how Mr. Mills behaves when he gets into Virgil's monarchy of the bees. If any of you delight in these little creatures, never look into the original author of the *Georgics*, but take your English directions from the elegant Mr. Mills: if ye would know a good king from a bad one, which is a useful kind of knowlege, he will inform you—that

‘ (Two kinds there are) this better and adorn’d  
With ruddy scales, excels in beauty; that,  
Horrid with sloth, drags his broad paunch along,  
As diff’rent are the faces of their kings,  
So are the bodies of the populace:  
For some are cover’d o’er with dirt and filth,  
As is the traveller when he returns  
From dusty roads, and parch’d with raging thirst  
From his dry mouth spits out th’ annoying grit;  
Some shine and glisten with the brightest hues,  
Their bodies mark’d with equal specks of gold.  
This kind is best: hence at the stated time  
Sweet honey you will press: nor only sweet,  
But pure, and fit wine’s harshness to subdue.

‘ But when the swarms fly, roving through the air,  
And sport abroad neglectful of their home,  
Contemn their combs, and leave the frigid hives,  
Their fickle minds from the vain sport recall.  
Nor is the labour great: pluck the kings’ wings:  
Whilst they remain, no one will dare to make  
Excursions through the air, or move their camp.’

What think ye, my good friends, of that very delicate and expressive line,

‘ From his dry mouth *spits* out th’ annoying grit.’

Is it not truly *Virgilian*? not to mention the excellent phrase, (so applicable to the present times) of *plucking the king’s wings*.

The story of Aristæus, in the fourth book, is so finely and pathetically told by the great Roman poet, that one would think it impossible for the dullest translator to render it uninteresting or disagreeable. Mr. Mills, however, has contrived to make it so. He begins it thus:

‘ The shepherd Aristæus, flying from  
Peneian Tempe, having lost his bees,  
As Fame reports, by famine and disease,  
Sad at the river’s sacred source he stood,  
Complaining much; and in these words address’d  
His parent. Of this crystal font, O thou,  
Who at the bottom dwell’st, Cyrene, why,  
O mother, with the fates averse didst thou  
E’er bring me forth from heav’n’s illustrious race,  
If, as thou sayst, Apollo be my sire?

Oh!

Oh! where is thy affection from me fled?  
 Why didst thou bid me hope a seat in heav'n?  
 When lo! the comforts of this mortal life,  
 Which all my diligence could scarce procure,  
 (Though fruits and herds and ev'ry thing I try'd)  
 I lose, yet, cruel thou my mother art.  
 With thy own hand my fertile woods uproot:  
 Into my stalls the hostile fire convey,  
 And kill the harvests: burn the springing corn,  
 And exercise the axe among my vines.  
 If for my fame thou hast so small regard.\*

Surely Mr. Mills must have had very little *regard* to his own *fame* when he wrote this. In the next line he tells us,

‘ His mother from the river’s deepest bed  
 Perceiv’d a voice. ———’

This expression of *perceiving* a voice is, we believe, quite new. He might as well, indeed, have talked about *seeing* a sound, or *hearing* a colour. That our readers, however, may no longer *perceive* such voices, or *see* such *sounds* as our author produces, we shall give them no more quotations from this gentleman’s curious performance, but dismiss him with the old epigram, which we think may with more propriety be applied to him than to his predecessor\*.

‘ Read the commandments. MILLS, *translate* no further,  
 For there ’tis written—*Thou shalt do no murder.*’

*The Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, in Four Books. By Francis Fawkes. The whole revised, corrected, and completed, by his Coadjutor and Editor. 8vo. 7s. Dodsley.*

*The Argonautic Expedition. Translated from the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius, into English Verse: With critical, historical, and explanatory Remarks, and prefatory Essays, with a large Appendix. 2 vols. small 8vo. 7s. T. Payne and Son.*

AS these translations were published about the same time, one article in our Review may, we think, very properly comprehend them both; and we shall, according to the old proverb, kill two birds with one stone. The former of them was begun some years ago by the late ingenious Mr. Fawkes, a gentleman well known in the literary world by his translations of Anacreon and Theocritus, and lately completed by his coadjutor and editor. The latter is, it seems, as we learn by an advertisement in the public papers (though the



name is not mentioned in the title-page), the work of Mr. Edward Burnaby Green. Apollonius Rhodius, the author of the *Argonautics*, though undoubtedly more than a hundred and fifty degrees below Homer, may be styled, according to Quintilian's\* opinion of him, no contemptible poet. The writer who had been praised by Longinus, and imitated by Virgil and Valerius Flaccus, was certainly worthy of a translation; and we are obliged to both these gentlemen for the pains which they have taken in giving us the only complete version of the whole poem which has hitherto appeared in the English language. Dr. Broome published, indeed, some years ago, the *Loves of Jason and Medea*, and the story of *Talus*. Mr. West has likewise presented us with one or two detached pieces from this author; and Mr. Ekins has translated the third book of the *Argonautics*, and about two hundred lines of the fourth. Proceed we, however, to the two present candidates for literary fame, who have entered the lists together, Mess. Fawkes and Green. That our readers may be able to judge which of them is best intitled to the prize, we shall select a few passages from both the translations, compare them with each other and with the original, and give our impartial opinion with regard to their several merits or defects.

‘ Inspir’d by thee, O Phæbus, I resound  
 The glorious deeds of heroes long renown’d,  
 Whom Pelias urg’d the Golden Fleece to gain,  
 And well-built Argo wasted o’er the main,  
 Through the Cyanean rocks. The voice divine  
 Pronounc’d the sentence from the sacred shine;  
 “ Erelong, and dreadful woes, foredoom’d by fate,  
 Thro’ that man’s counsels shall on Pelias wait,  
 Whom he, before the altar of his God,  
 Shall view in public with one sandal shod.”  
 And, lo! as by this oracle foretold,  
 What time adventurous Jason, brave and bold,  
 Anaurus past, high swola with winter’s flood,  
 He left one sandal rooted in the mud.  
 To Pelias, thus, the hasty prince repair’d,  
 And the rich banquet at his altar shar’d.  
 The stately altar, with oblations stor’d,  
 Was to his fire erected, ocean’s lord,  
 And every power that in Olympus reigns,  
 Save Juno, regent of Thessalia’s plains.  
 Pelias, whose looks his latent fears express’d,  
 Fir’d with a bold adventure Jason’s breast;  
 That, sunk in ocean, or on some rude shore  
 Prostrate, he ne’er might view his country more.

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\* Non contemnendum edidit opus. *Inst. Orat. lib. x. cap. 1.*

Old bards affirm this warlike ship was made  
By skilful Argus, with Minerva's aid.  
'Tis mine to sing the chiefs, their names and race,  
Their tedious wand'rings on the main to trace,  
And all their great achievements to rehearse:  
Deign, ye propitious Nine, to aid my verse.  
First in the list, to join the princely bands,  
The tuneful bard, enchanting Orpheus, stands;  
Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's shore,  
Near Pimpla's mount, to bold Cægrus bore.  
Hard rocks he soften'd with persuasive song,  
And sooth'd the rivers as they roll'd along.  
Yon beeches tall, that bloom near Zona, still  
Remain memorials of his vocal skill:  
His lays Pieria's listening trees admire,  
And move in measures to his melting lyre.  
Thus Orpheus charm'd, who o'er the Bistons reign'd,  
By Chiron's art to Jason's interest gain'd.  
Asterion next; whose fire rejoic'd to till  
Pireasian valleys by Phylleion's hill,  
Born near Apidanus, who sportive leads  
His winding waters thro' the fertile meads;  
There where, from far, Enipeus, stream divine,  
And wide Apidanus their currents join.  
The son of Elatus, of deathless fame,  
From fair Larissa, Polyphemus came.  
Long since, when in the vigour of his might,  
He join'd the hardy Lapithæ in fight  
Against the Centaurs: now his strength declin'd  
Thro' age, yet young and martial was his mind.  
Not long at Phylace Iphiclus staid,  
Great Jason's uncle; pleas'd he join'd his aid,  
And march'd to meet th' adventurous band from far,  
Urg'd by affinity and love of war.  
Nor long Admetus, who at Pheræ reign'd,  
Near high Chalcodon's bleating fields remain'd.  
Echion, Erytus, for wiles renown'd,  
Left Alope, with golden harvests crown'd;  
The gainful sons of Mercury: with these  
Their brother came, the bold Æthalides;  
Whom fair Eupolema, the Phthian, bore  
Where smooth Amphrysos rolls his watery store:  
Those, Menetus, from thy fair daughter sprung,  
Antianira, beautiful and young.  
Coronus came, from Gyrtion's wealthy town,  
Great as his fire in valour and renown,  
Cæneus his sire: who, as old bards relate,  
Receiv'd from Centaurs his untimely fate.  
Alone, unaided, with transcendent might,  
Boldly he fac'd, and put his foes to flight.

But



But they reviving soon, regain'd their ground;  
Yet fail'd to vanquish, *and* they could not wound.'

These lines are plain, intelligible, and at the same time not unpoetical: they run off easily, without affectation or obscurity, and are close to the original, with which we have carefully compared them. We do not, however, admire the expression of *bleating fields*, (l. 60) as a translation of *εὐρρηνεσσιν*; i. e. *πολυπρόβατοις*, ovibus abundantium, in the last line.

' Yet fail'd to vanquish, *and* they cou'd not wound.'

The word *and* has an awkward appearance, and confounds the sense; perhaps the word *for* might make it more intelligible.

But now let us turn to Mr. Burnaby Green, who dresses up his author in a finer garb, though in one which, in our opinion, does not fit him so well. But the reader shall judge for himself. He sets out thus:

' God of the lyre, and guardian of my song,  
Lead me, oh! lead me to the gen'rous throng  
Of gallant heroes, o'er th' incircling main  
Where rocks Cyanean have their solid reign,  
(So mighty Pelias urg'd the dread command!)  
Who had compacted Argo quit the strand;  
And claim the fleece of gold—such was the voice  
Of Fate's decree, and rul'd the monarch's choice!  
Yon' warrior's counsel gives thee to the dead;  
Mark'd by the single sandal's solemn tread.  
The oracle is fix'd! a Jason stood:  
The wintry bosom of Anaurus' flood  
Yields the dire sandal to the slimy shore;  
Its late associate sunk, to rise no more.  
At once to Pelias stalks the man of pow'r,  
His with the splendors of the festal hour  
Doom'd by the filial king to ocean's god;  
Not one his vows disdain thro' heav'n's abode,  
None but Pelasgian Juno; Pelias' breast,  
Struck with the sight, avows the warrior guest;  
Paints the rude horrors of the roaring deep;  
His hope, that stormy surges in their sweep,  
Or alien hosts, who drench their rage in gore,  
Might rend these exiles from their native shore.—  
'Twas held (ye tuneful sages, such your will!)  
That sacred Argo grac'd Minerva's skill;  
Be mine the bolder triumphs to proclaim,  
Her wand'ring chiefs, their lineage, and their name!  
Their long-drawn perils thro' the watery way;  
What toils they baffle, and what worth displays!—  
Ye Sisters smile, sweet harbingers of verse,  
Your Orpheus foremost of the train rehearse!  
Whom, fair Calliope, thy virgin charms  
Gave to the raptures of Chagrus' arms;

Sprung

Sprung from soft Pimpla's ever verdant hight  
First wak'd the infant harmonist to light,  
Pierc'd by the magic of whose shell the streams  
To silence sink; the rock with beauty teems;  
The vast beech, conscious of his warbled lore,  
Whose zones of foliage gloom the sullen shore  
Ev'n to earth's central reign, the dulcet song  
Led from Pieria's vale, a ravish'd throng.  
Offspring of Æson, thou with wisdom fraught,  
By Chiron's precepts, and example taught,  
Thou lov'st the minstrel partner of thy way,  
Who cheer'd Bistonia's earth with lenient sway!—  
Spontaneous rush'd Asterion's warrior pride;  
Fast by Epidanus' mæand'ring side,  
Joy of Cometes, o'er Pirefia's plain,  
Where huge Philleion heaves his rocky reign.  
The spot, his mansion, where Enipeus' force  
Weaves with Eridanus th' associate course,  
Lo! from the fav'rite soil, Larissa's feats,  
The scene of glory Polyphemus greets!  
High 'mid the Lapithæ's indignant host,  
Curb of th' opposing Centaurs' angry boast,  
He flesh'd his youthful sword; invading time  
Preys o'er his limbs, unmar'd his valor's prime,  
To Æson's worth in link fraternal bound  
No more Iphiclus roams his native ground;  
His care Alcimedias, whose sister birth  
Owns, favor'd Phylaca, thy kindred earth,  
Woo'd by her Æson's love, nor woo'd in vain,  
When youth inspir'd him to th' embattled plain.—  
Wrap'd o'er yon mountain's brow, thy vigils cease,  
Where subject Phera yields the lavish fleece,  
Thine, other tasks, Admetus!—Hermes' race,  
Theirs ev'ry flock to spoil, each wile to trace,  
Echion, Erytus, thy darling land,  
Oh! Alepa, resigns! the little band  
A brother joins, Æthalides his name,  
From fair Eupolema whose native claim;  
Thy daughter, gallant Myrmidon, where leads  
His stream Amphrissus o'er Phthiotian meads;  
But these thy love, Antianira, bore —  
To Fame renounc'd Gyrtona's ample store,  
The son of Cæneus stalks with martial fire,  
Though great, no more than rival of his fire;  
The bards their Cæneus yet alive bewail,  
Thy vengeance, Centaur, crowns the deathful tale,  
What time fierce-rushing 'mid th' associate arms  
Sole o'er thy ranks he spread the wide alarms,  
With sudden whirl confronting; not a wound  
Checks his brave soul, or bends him to the ground.

This



This translation is labour'd and diffuse; but in many places departs too much from the simplicity of the original. Apollonius, for instance, only says, 'He went immediately to Pelias, to partake of the sacred feast which he made to Neptune and the other gods;' which Mr. Green thus interprets:

'At once to Pelias *stalks* the *man of pow'r*,  
His with the splendors of the festal hour,  
Doom'd by the *filial king* to Ocean's god.  
Not one his vows disdain thro' heav'ns abode.'

Here the additions made by the translator, the *man of power*, and the *filial king*, have an air of affectation, and at the same time only obscure the text, which they were meant to illustrate. Again, where the poet, speaking of Orpheus, says, 'The beeches, memorials of his song, spreading on the shore of Thracian Zona, crowd together, which he had brought from Pieria, charm'd with his skill,' Mr. Green tells us, that

'The vast beech, conscious of his warbled lore,  
Whose *zones of foliage* gloom the *sullen shore*,  
Ev'n to earth's *central* reign, the dulcet song  
Led from Pieria's vale a ravish'd throng.'

There is not, we may observe in the original, a word about *zones of foliage*, the *sullen shore*, or *central* reign. Surely a translator is not at liberty to add all this fringe and lace to his author, especially where it does not set off or adorn, but rather disguise and disgrace him.

The third book of the Argonautics has generally been considered as the best written and most conspicuous part of this poem, being that whence the Mantuan bard is supposed to have borrowed his Dido; though there is not, in our opinion, any very striking similitude between them. Juno and Pallas intercede with Venus, and request that she would persuade Cupid to inspire Medea with love for Jason. Venus consents, and the shafts of Cupid have their desired effect. The circumstances, as related by Apollonius, of Ganymede and Cupid's playing at dice, and Venus bribing her son with a couple of golden balls, however they might have shone in an epigram or an Anacreontic ode, are conceits too low and trivial to be admitted into an epic poem. Mr. Fawkes tells this little story simply, and dwells no longer on it than is necessary; but Mr. Green flourishes away in it, and only makes a ridiculous idea still more ridiculous, by parading upon and extending it.

'Him, [Cupid] where the flow'ry fruits of Jove abound,  
With Ida's blooming boy th' enquirer found;  
(The fire of gods in fair Olympus' reign  
Had wrap'd his beauties with th' immortal train,

Struck

Struck with his matchless charms) as brothers stray  
 The fond associates in their *golden play*.  
 The wanton god upholding to his breast,  
 Clasp'd in his hand, the sportive engines press'd,  
 Erect of form; health's vernal roses streak  
 The downy regions of his laughing cheek;  
 While thou, the tear soft trickling from thine eye,  
 Lament'st in silence fickle Fortune's die;  
 Two, thy own little flock! the rest was lost;  
 Soon by the sneering conqu'ror doubly cross'd  
 These last remains soon vanish from thy view—  
 Helpless of thought the beggar'd youth withdrew;  
 Nor yet perceiv'd the visitant he meets,  
 Who eyes her Cupid, and with skiffes greets;  
 "Why laughs my urchin? sure some deed of ill,  
 Unknown to Venus, marks thy wicked will!  
 Some fraud of play! for his th' unequal art:  
 —Yet—list the mandate, which my words impart,  
 List! and with speed perform; a mother pours,  
 Obedience thine, to charm thy playful hours,  
 The lucid glories of that whirling sphere  
 Shap'd by Adrasta's skill her Jove to cheer,  
 While Ida's caverns nurs'd the rising boy:  
 Not thus thy fire could form the feast of joy.  
 Rich are the polish'd circles fraught with gold;  
 O'er each the double bending orbs were roll'd;  
 Art's twisted threads conceal'd, and, mildly bright  
 Around, the surface shed a gleam of light  
 Cerulean; high in air its radiant claim  
 A meteor, rival of the starry flame.  
 By this my gift! oh! thou the virgin move  
 Pierc'd by th' unerring dart to Jason's love!  
 Hence, of delay impatient! Venus' grace  
 Shall ne'er revisit else her Cupid's face."

This is all pompous and affected, and approaches nearly to  
 fustian and bombast. What must our readers think of the  
 strange obscure expression of *golden play*? or what idea can we  
 have of

'The downy regions of a cheek?'

Who would believe that the *lucid glories of a whirling sphere*  
 meant no more than a child's play-thing? In the two last lines,  
*Venus's grace revisiting Cupid's face*, is unpoetical and ridiculous.

In the latter part of this book there is some spirit and anima-  
 tion, particularly in the interview between Jason and Medea,  
 before she instructs him how to subdue the brazen bulls, and  
 armies of giants. Medea's agitation of mind is finely described  
 by Apollonius, and well copied by Mr. Fawkes in the follow-  
 ing lines:

'Now rising shades a solemn scene display  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way;

All



All night the sailor marks the northern team,  
 And golden circlet of Orion's beam :  
 A deep repose the weary watchman shares,  
 And the faint wanderer sleeps away his cares ;  
 Ev'n the fond maid, while yet all breathless lies  
 Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes :  
 No sound of village-dog, no noise invades  
 The death-like silence of the midnight shades ;  
 Alone Medea wakes : to love a prey,  
 Restless she rolls, and groans the night away :  
 For lovely Jason cares on cares succeed,  
 Lest vanquish'd by the bulls her hero bleed ;  
 In sad review dire scenes of horrors rise,  
 Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought she flies :  
 As from the stream-stor'd vase with dubious ray  
 The sun-beams dancing from the surface play ;  
 Now here, now there the trembling radiance falls,  
 Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls :  
 Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,  
 And from her eyes descends a pearly flood.  
 Now raving with resistless flames she glows,  
 Now sick with love she melts with softer woes :  
 The tyrant God, of every thought possess'd,  
 Beats in its pulse, and stings and racks her breast :  
 Now she resolves the magic to betray—  
 To tame the bulls—now yield him up to prey.  
 Again the drugs disdaining to supply,  
 She loaths the light, and meditates to die.'

This version is elegant and poetical. There is, however, one glaring misconstruction in these lines,

' Ev'n the fond maid, while yet all breathless lies  
 Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes.'

Apollonius is describing the universal repose of midnight, and says, that even mothers who had just lost their children were lulled to rest. Mr. Fawkes here changes the mother into a fond *maid*, who even forgets her *child of love*, which consequently must be her *bastard*. This takes away all the seriousness and solemnity of the scene. We could likewise have wished that another epithet to vase had supplied the place of *stream-stored*, which is quaint and obscure; the rest is admirably translated. What says Mr. Burnaby Green in this passage? He gives it thus:

' Night walks the silent world in fable vest ;  
 Lord of the deck, whilst others sink to rest,  
 The sailor plies his watch ; th' ætherial plain  
 Points the dull Bear, and stern Orio's train  
 Twinkling: no more the way-worn trav'lers roam,  
 The gates' old guardian slumbers in his home ;

Ev'n

Ev'n the fond mother checks the starting tear  
O'er her lov'd children, hurry'd to the bier.  
The babbling Echo sleeps; no, not a sound  
Of the car's hideous howl the city round:  
Silence, and darkness rule.—Rest in repose,  
Oh! virgin, through each vein the fever glows:  
Here keen desire, there fear's pervading course,  
Fear of the madden'd monster's ruling force:  
Doom'd her dear heroe to no heroe's death,  
Crush'd in stern Mavors' field th' inglorious breath.

' From scene to scene her thoughts, a wand'ring maze,  
Float diverse, as the sun's reflected rays  
Dancing fantastic o'er the lucid stream,  
Cauldron, or pail, difusing the wild gleam  
Of salient circle, urg'd with wanton sport  
By Nature fondly sought from Fancy's court.  
The maid thus glancing swims with rapid start;  
Tears fill her eyes, and pity rules her heart;  
Sharp was affliction's point whose poison spread  
Warm through each fibre; rankling from the head  
Seat of the thought's worst pang, when sick'ning roll  
Thy tumults, love, unceasing o'er the soul.  
She now the drug will yield, now dares to die;  
Now seeks to live, her opiates to deny.'

The two lines,

' Ev'n the fond mother,' &c.

are better than Mr. Fawkes's, being closer to the original; all the rest is very inferior. Apollonius never thought of calling *Night, Lord of the deck*; nor does he say a syllable about *babbling Echo*, or *salient circles in Fancy's court*. This is all added, and might as well have been omitted by the translator.

In Jason's first speech to Medea, the following lines of Mr. Fawkes's translation are remarkably elegant and harmonious:

' By the stern power who guards this sacred place,  
' By the fam'd authors of thy royal race;  
' By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,  
' To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;  
' O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!  
' Without thy aid thy Jason is no more.  
' To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,  
' To thee a stranger, one who wants a friend!  
' Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,  
' Medea's name should sound in distant skies;  
' All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,  
' And bless Medea thro' her hundred states.  
' The mother and the wife, who now in vain  
' Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,  
' Shall stay their tears: the mother, and the wife,  
' Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!'

The



The four last are even superior to the original. The repetition of the mother and the wife is particularly beautiful.—How comparatively flat is this,

‘ The wife, the mother, urge their gen’rous tale,  
Who musing o’er the shore our absence wail.’

We will not quote the rest of Mr. Green’s translation of this passage, as, if placed in opposition to the above lines, it would appear to great disadvantage.

Upon the whole, there is no comparison between these two translations of Apollonius Rhodius. Mr. Fawkes’s, though in some places faulty and inaccurate, is in general close, nervous, elegant, and poetical. Mr. Green’s, though not without merit in some passages, is for the most part verbose, turgid, and, which is the worst of all faults, unfaithful. Mr. Green appears, notwithstanding, to have a lively imagination, quick fancy, and a good ear for poetical harmony, qualities which might be very serviceable to him in an original work, but which, at the same time, are too apt, when not under the guidance of judgment, to mislead a translator, who, above all things, should be chaste and correct. Mr. Fawkes, by adhering strictly to his original, is much more concise than his rival, and has comprised his translation in one volume; whilst Mr. Green, by giving a free rein to his Pegasus, has extended his journey, and, by dint of long notes, preface, and appendix, contrived to swell his into two; another reason why we prefer the former to the latter performance. A great book, according to the Greek adage, is a great evil; a little one is consequently but a little evil: and, as the man said in excuse for marrying a very short wife, *Ex malis minimum eligendum est*.

Mr. Fawkes’s coadjutor (whose name we know not), has subjoined to Apollonius a translation of Coluthus’s Greek poem on the *rape* of Helen. Why it should be called a *rape* we know not; for, as it has been observed by a former translator, Helen was as willing to quit her own country as Paris could be to take her out of it. Coluthus may be called a modern Greek, as he lived about 500 years after the birth of Christ. The poem is corrupt and mutilated, and, to say the truth, but an indifferent performance. It is, however, well and faithfully translated.

Mr. Green, not willing to be deficient in generosity, has thrown in, by way of *make-weight* to his first volume, the translation of a little poem called *Ceiris*, attributed (falsely, we believe) to Virgil. The original is dull, harsh, and obscure; the copy still more so. We have dragg’d through a great part of them both; but it is a dark and dirty road, and we would by no means advise our readers to travel in it.

MONTHLY

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## P O L I T I C A L.

*An Essay on the Interests of Britain, in Regard to America.* 8vo. 6d. Sewell.

**T**HIS little pamphlet appears to be written with the view of rendering Great Britain more disposed to an immediate accommodation with America, upon terms advantageous to the latter than the colonists might have reason to hope from our late success in the southern provinces. To the few arguments which are advanced in support of the author's design, he has subjoined some proposals, as the basis of an accommodation.

*The Out-of-doors Parliament.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Almon.

The writer of this pamphlet endeavours to maintain, that the Commons of England, when they elect representatives to parliament, do not absolutely delegate to those a supreme power of legislation; but that the body of the people is still legally entitled to controul the authority of its members. This principle is totally subversive of civil government; and, if carried into effect, would prove the means of perpetual anarchy.

*A Plan of Association, on constitutional Principles, for the Parishes, Tithings, Hundreds, and Counties of Great Britain.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.

This pamphlet consists of three letters; the first of which contains a general account of the late tumults, with their more obvious causes. The second delineates the plan of an association, according to the ancient, but now disused modes of counties, tithings, and hundreds. The third letter enforces the necessity of adopting this plan, or some one of a similar nature. The author's sentiments would have appeared to greater advantage, had he not discovered some extraordinary prejudices, of a personal and political kind.

*Three Letters to Lord Viscount Howe.* 8vo. 1s. Wilkie.

In our Review for November last, we gave an account of a letter addressed to this nobleman, and abounding with variety of severe reprehensions on his conduct. These Three Letters are written in the same strong expostulatory strain; and annexed to them are some remarks on the attack at Bunker's Hill.

*A Letter from a Gentleman in the English House of Commons, in Vindication of his Conduct with Regard to the Affairs of Ireland.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Bew.

We are informed, in an advertisement, that this letter is published by the gentleman to whom it was addressed; and are satisfied, from intrinsic evidence, that it is the production of Mr. B---e. It contains a laboured vindication of the author's conduct relative to the affairs of Ireland, intermixed with many sarcastical and ingenious, but we question whether just remarks, on that of administration.



*An Address to the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of Lancashire.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.

This address relates to the choice of representatives for the county at the approaching general election. Three candidates are mentioned, whose merits and demerits the author is at much pains to display. He writes in a sensible animated manner, and endeavours to rouse a spirit for asserting the independency of the county.

*An Inquiry into the legal Method of suppressing Riots; with a constitutional Plan of future Defence.* 8vo. 1s. Dilly.

The author of this Inquiry attempts to evince, that the common and statute laws of the realm give the civil state in every county a power, which if rightly understood, and constantly prepared, would effectually quell any riot or insurrection, without assistance from the military, and even without the modern riot-act. After confirming the justness of this proposition by a variety of remarks, he proposes a few regulations for the prevention of riots in future.

*A Defence of the Protestant Association, and others, in Two Letters.* 8vo. 1s. Kearsly.

The author of these Letters is a zealous, but not a very able defender of the Protestant Association. 'The petition, he tells us, contained matter of exceeding great consequence: and the associators acted wisely, feeling themselves affected in their religion, seeing it bleed and in danger, to exert themselves, and endeavour to restore additional strength before the last expiring gasp had defied all hopes of accomplishing the smallest degree. . . . Neither measures were used to inflame, nor argument or persuasions employed to create riot. The manner of presenting the petition was as legal \* as the matter of it was important. . . . I grant, he says, that in every association from St. James's to St. Giles's, from the legislative to the imitative societies, members of bad principle will find admittance. Even in the first religious society there was a Judas; yet this only proves, that there is a bad member in all associations; it does not from thence follow, that the pursuit of every association is base and corrupt.'

This may be very true; but it will be said, and with some appearance of justice, that if the leaders of the association had modestly deputed only ten, or twelve of their number to present their petition, the casual admission of one Judas would not have been productive of any riots or destructive consequences to the peace and order of the metropolis. But when they thought proper to assemble a rude rabble of thirty or forty thousand, if they had possessed any degree of prudence, foresight, or knowledge of

\* This is not proved.—An act, passed in the 18th year of Charles II. directs, that no petition for the alteration of matters established by law in church or state, not having previously obtained the approbation of the magistrates, or of the grand jury, shall be signed by more than twenty names, or delivered by more than ten persons.

mankind, they must have considered, that though such a croud might preserve some tolerable order and decorum for an hour or two in the morning, while they were sober, many of them would get drunk before they would separate, and become noisy, quarrellsome, and frantic; and that they who collect a mob must expect to have in the company, not only pious and peaceable citizens, but men who are prepared to commence ruffians and plunderers, upon the least disappointment or provocation.

## D I V I N I T Y.

*The Wisdom of appointing and supporting the Civil Magistrate: in a Sermon preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, June 25, 1780. By Robert Markham, D. D. 4to. Rivington.*

The author of this discourse considers the wisdom of appointing magistrates and judges, the extent of their high office and employment, and the ends proposed by the due and faithful discharge of their important commission. He then applies the whole to the circumstances of the present time.

*The Duty of Patriotism vindicated and enforced: a Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Ely. By Cæsar Morgan, M. A. 4to. 1s. Cadell.*

The principal design of this discourse is to shew, that as we are engaged in an expensive war, big with danger to the dearest interests of these kingdoms, to our foreign possessions, to our trade, our manufactures, and 'perhaps our very existence as a free people,' we should seriously and candidly consider our situation and circumstances, and impartially determine what assistance we are able, and ought to afford to our country; that, above all, we should suffer neither sloth, nor luxury, nor avarice, to bias our judgment in forming our decision, or to dissuade us afterwards from putting it in practice.

*National Unanimity recommended and enforced; in a Sermon preached at St. Dionys Back-church, before the Company of Armourers. By Thomas Weales, D. D. 4to. 1s. Cadell.*

A rational and seasonable discourse, recommending national unanimity, from these words of Joseph to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way,' Gen. xlv. 24.

## M E D I C A L.

*A Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, and their Remedies; to which is prefixed, the Anatomy of the Eye; the Theory of Vision; and the several Species of imperfect Sight. Illustrated with Copperplates. By Geo. Chandler, Surgeon, 8vo. Cadell. 3s. boards.*

In this treatise Mr. Chandler has comprised not only a useful practical account of the various diseases of the eye, and their different remedies, but has also delineated with great perspicuity the anatomy of that organ, and given a distinct view of



the theory of vision, with the several species of imperfect sight. The treatise is executed both with knowledge and judgment, and we know not therefore a more valuable compendium on the subject.

*Free Observations on the Scurvy, Gout, Diet, and Remedy, &c.*  
By Francis Spillsbury. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Wilkie.

This pamphlet, like each of those that have formerly appeared under the name of this nostrum-monger, abounds with that bombastic declamation, and false glare of science, with which ignorance and empiricism always endeavour to seduce the credulity of the vulgar. Cures, cases, certificates, &c. are added in abundance; and even the Muse is prostituted to confirm the recommendation of Spillsbury's drops.

### P O E T R Y.

*The State Mountebank; or Duke and no Duke. A Tale.* 4to. 1s.  
Fielding and Walker.

This mountebank sells as vile drugs, and talks as much nonsense, as any of his itinerant brethren. His boluses, made up into about two hundred very bad verses, and wrapped in a twelve-penny pamphlet, have made us very sick. If our readers, however, have a mind to taste them, here are two or three for a specimen.

‘ Among the croud  
(of patriots, we suppose, our author means; for it is difficult to find out what or whom he aims at)

Of grievances they roar'd aloud,  
Of gripings—universal gripings!  
Petitions scarce supply'd their w—p—ngs,  
Ev'n the long York, so fast they scour,  
Sign'd and endors'd in half an hour,  
Their fundamental sorrows blazon'd,  
A posteriori prov'd and reason'd.  
No ailment could his art suggest,  
But what they felt, or feign'd, at least,  
“ Gods! we are running out apace,”  
Re-echo'd now from place to place;  
And who but he shall stop and cure  
The national expenditure?  
Yeomen and Gem'men, boys and burgers  
Associations form of purgers;  
Now here, now hence, and now beyond hence,  
Extends the civet correspondence,  
And many a town and county hall,  
But W—st—m—st—r above them all,  
Polluted by the poison'd band,  
Stinks a vile jakes around the land.’

If any gentleman chooses to apply to the doctor for farther advice, he may be heard of, we imagine, at Mess. Fielding and Walker's, the publishers, in Pater-noster Row.

An

*An Epistle to the right hon. John Earl of Sandwich, &c. A Poem.*  
4to. 1s. 6d. Rivington.

The mere effusion of gratitude, warm from the heart of some honest man whom lord Sandwich has obliged, and who has no more idea of poetry than the paper which he writes upon. He is, however, a good Englishman, and wishes well to his country, as sufficiently appears from the following lines:

‘ Shall the bright Roman in this distant age,  
Eclipse the glories of the British page?

And they who drink fair Thames’s waters, bow  
Less brave than they, who walk the banks of Po?

‘ Thanks to the Gods! still glows the British fire  
With all the virtue Freedom can inspire.’

‘ Long in his peaceful den, supinely laid,  
The British Lion slept beneath the shade;  
No more his claws in reeking gore were dy’d,  
No more the victim struggled by his side;  
But now the piercing sun finds out his bed,  
The sun of glory sets above his head;  
He wakes, he moves, at length he deigns to rise,  
And vivid fury sparkles from his eyes;  
From the deep forest see him bend his way,  
He roars, he shakes his tail, and watches for his prey.’

The circumstance mentioned in the last line, of the British lion *shaking his tail*, is truly poetical!

There are several fine strokes of the same nature in this poem, which, without farther animadversion, we shall leave to the contemplation of our readers.

*Elegy on Captain Cook. To which is added an Ode to the Sun. By*  
*Miss Seward. 4to. 1s. 6d. Dodsley.*

There is a pathetic tenderness in this Elegy, joined to a persuasive harmony of numbers, that distinguishes it from every performance which we have hitherto seen on this melancholy subject. The fair writer, who has a fine glow of fancy, has availed herself of the Captain’s first voyage, and improved some parts of it into most striking and agreeable pictures. The following lines convey several beautiful images, highly adorned by the charms of poetry.

‘ On a lone beach a \* rock-built temple stands,  
Stupendous pile! unwrought by mortal hands;  
Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,  
And the wide roof basaltic columns bear;  
Thro’ the long aisles the murm’ring tempests blow,  
And Ocean chides his dashing waves below.  
From this fair fane, along the silver sands,  
Two sister-virgins wave their snowy hands;

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\* *A rock-built temple.*—“ On one part of this isle there was a solitary rock, rising on the coast with arched cavities, like a majestic temple.”



First † gentle Flora—round her smiling brow  
 Leaves of new forms, and flow'rs uncultur'd glow;  
 Thin folds of † vegetable silk, behind,  
 Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind;  
 Strange sweets, where'er she turns, perfumes the glades,  
 And fruits unnam'd adorn the bending shades,  
 —Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,  
 A playful \* kangroo bounding by her side;  
 Around the nymph her beauteous ‖ Pois display  
 Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay;  
 A ¶ giant-bat, with leathern wings outspread,  
 Umbrella light, hangs quiv'ring o'er her head.  
 As o'er the cliff her graceful step she bends,  
 On glit'ring wing her insect-train attends.  
 With diamond-eye her scaly tribes survey  
 Their goddess-nymph, and gambol in the spray.'

This is fine painting. The whole poem is indeed elegant and pleasing, and as such we recommend it to our readers perusal. If departed souls were conscious of that praise which is bestowed on them, what pleasure would it give the intrepid adventurer to read the verses of a Seward! Happy Cook, to be thus celebrated, and thus lamented!

*An Ode to the Memory of the late Captain James Cook. By W. Fitzgerald, of Gray's Inn. 4to. 1s. Robinson.*

Ode-writing is a species of composition which not one in ten thousand ever did or will succeed in. Mr. W. Fitzgerald of Gray's Inn has no idea of it; for though this little poem is la-

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' † *First gentle Flora*.—Flora is the goddess of Modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology; hence the pupils of Linnæus call their books *Flora Anglica*—*Fauna Danica*, &c.—“The Flora of one of these islands contained thirty new plants.”

' † *Vegetable silk*.—In New-Zealand is a flag of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax; and some, manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.'

' \* *A playful kangroo*.—The kangroo is an animal peculiar to those climates. It is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.'

' ‖ *Beauteous Pois*.—The poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a beautiful silver grey; and two or three short white ones, which are in the pinion joint of the wing. Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers, called its *poies*, which, being the Otaheitean word for ear rings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird; which is not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, than for the exquisite melody of its note."

' ¶ *A Giant-bat*.—The bats which Captain Cook saw in some of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring three feet and an half in breadth, when their wings were extended.'

boured

boured *secundum artem*, and finished, as the author no doubt imagines, to the highest degree of perfection, it gave us no kind of pleasure in the perusal, being throughout

‘Correctly cold and regularly dull.’

We will give our readers, however, what we really thought the best part of the Ode, and let them judge for themselves. The poet speaking of Captain Cook’s crew, says,

‘Tis theirs the lab’ring bark to guide,  
Unbaffled by the sleety winds or crushing tide—  
Lost in doubt, in darkness lost,  
See a bold tumultuous host  
In desp’rate agony demand  
Their former joys, their native land;  
With mingled elements combine  
To wreck their leaders heav’n-inspir’d design  
Self-armed these the shock sustain  
Till bland success  
Shall make surrounding horrors less,  
And to her glowing hopes dismay’s defection gain.’

*Sleety rain* we have often heard of, but *sleety winds* is a new idea, which we cannot rightly comprehend; nor do we at all approve the expression in the last line, of *dismay’d defection*, which, in our opinion, is extremely stiff, and rather unintelligible. We refer those who are desirous of seeing more, to the Ode itself, if they choose to consult it, and we wish, though we cannot promise them, much entertainment.

*Love Elegies, by a Sailor. Written in the Year 1774. 4to. 1s. 6d. Wilkie.*

All that we can learn from these Elegies is, that the author was violently in love with Delia, but, unfortunately for him, always unsuccessful. We are afraid he was so imprudent as to shew her his verses.

*Fugitive Pieces. Written by J. P. Kemble. small 8vo. 1s. 6d. Fielding and Walker.*

Mr. Kemble informs us, in a short preface to these poems, which are all comprised in a small pamphlet, that he published them because some very imperfect and incorrect copies, dispersed amongst his friends, had crept into the world; and that he therefore collected only those of which he had given copies, as far as remembrance permitted him.—This is a modest apology for a publication which, to say the truth, did not stand in need of any; as these little pieces, though not of the first rank or form in poetry, are by no means contemptible. They consist principally of short compliments, songs, and occasional prologues. The Picture of Helen, and the Circassian, have no inconsiderable share of merit; and the following tribute of friendship will, we believe, give our readers pleasure in the perusal.

F 4 Ode



## \* Ode to the Memory of Mr. Inchbald.

\* What time the weak-ey'd owl, on twilight wing  
 Slow borne, her vesper scream'd to Eve, and rous'd  
     The lazy wing of bat  
     With beetle's sullen hum,  
 Friendship, and she, the maid of pensive mien,  
 Pale Melancholy point my sorrowing steps  
     To meditate the dead  
     And give my friend a tear.  
 Here let me pause—and pay that tear I owe :  
 Silent it trickles down my cheek, and drops  
     Upon the recent sod  
     That lightly clasps his heart,  
 But ah ! how vain—Nor flatt'ry's pow'r, nor wealth's.  
 Nor friendship's tear, nor widow'd Anna's voice,  
     Sweet as the harps of heav'n,  
     Can move the tyrant Death.  
 Hence ye impure !—for hark—around his grave  
 The Sisters chaste, the Sisters whom he lov'd,  
     In nine-fold cadence  
     Chaunt immortal harmony.  
 'Tis done—'tis done—the well-earn'd laurel spreads  
 Its verdant foliage o'er his honour'd clay :  
     Again the Muses sing—  
     Thalia's was the deed.  
 Thou honest man, farewell !—I wou'd not stain  
 Thy worth with praise—yet not the bright-hair'd king,  
     Who wooes the rosy morn,  
     And west'ring skirts the sky  
 With ruddy gold and purple, e'er shall see  
 Thy likeness—nor yon paly Crescent call  
     Her weeping dew to kiss  
     A turf more lov'd than thine.

*A Letter from Mrs. Straightforward to her Son Timmy. 4to. 1s. Rivington.*

It would be cruel to torture our readers with a single line from such a wretched production.

*The Incredible Bore : A familiar Epistle ; from Roger Wittol, Esq. to Mr. John Hedgings, 4to. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.*

Eighteen-pennyworth of nonsense from an Oxford buck to his friend in the country. The following lines may serve to shew what our readers must expect from the whole,

\* I met Billy Dasher, who ask'd me to dine  
 At Wood's with a party, consisting of nine,  
 All devilish good fellows to go to the play,  
 Take the rounds, make a row, and so finish the day.  
 What a bore, to refuse invitations so good ;  
 To cut such fine fellows, rich wine, and choice food,  
 With your banker to plead a bad lounge, or attorney,  
 And the wretched fatigue of a Lombard-street journey,  
 Which looks not, indeed, quite so much like a lye,  
 As to bore with lord North on that cursed supply ;

But

But which seem'd to a man, who was not worth a groat,  
A pitch so sublime of extravagant thought,  
That I own my nerves suffer'd—I soon shirk'd away,  
Took place and went down in old Whiten next day.'

This, we apprehend, is full enough—To go through the poem,  
as we have done, is—a *Bore* indeed.

*La Belle Assemblée: or, the Female Praters. A Satire. 4to. 1s.*  
Flexney.

Women haranguing in public assemblies is one of the strongest proofs of the false taste of the present age; it is therefore a fair object for ridicule and satire, and, had the subject fallen into good hands, might have afforded some entertainment. This piece, however, is too badly written to have any such effect, being throughout a most lame and contemptible performance, as the few following lines, some of the best in the poem, will sufficiently evince.

' 'Tis not the graces of the tongue  
That to your sex really belong;  
It is the charms of all your form  
That all our hearts with passion warm.  
Who will be charm'd by bawling tongues,  
Or ever aw'd by *bittern's* lungs?  
Take heed, ye fairest, lest your charms  
Shou'd lose their hue in *Classic's* arms.'

Why a lady should be compared to a *bittern*, or what our poet can mean by *Classic's* arms, we cannot comprehend. This gentleman calls one of the Muses by the new name of *Mnemosyne*; another, not *Melpomene*, but *Melpomēne*\*; and another, not *Terpsichore*, but *Terpsichōre*†. That a writer who ventures to publish should be so utterly unacquainted with *quantity* in words so commonly known, is really astonishing.

' Authors, before they *write* shou'd *read*.'

*An Heroic Epistle to the Rev. Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S.*  
*Archdeacon of Ely. 4to. 1s. 6d. Becket.*

Pope many years ago observed, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that

' Palladio's rules  
Fill'd half the world with imitating fools.'

It is the same thing with writing as with architecture; whoever meets with extraordinary success in any branch of it, is sure to have a number of awkward imitators, who will be perpetually aping his style and manner. Amongst those mock-birds we may venture to rank our author, who having caught, which is easily done, a little of the turn of features and complexion of a very excellent original, probably imagines that he has given us a good and faithful copy of it. It has indeed been long since ob-

\* Now Melpomene claims her part.

† There's Terpsichore, queen of song.



served (we believe by Lord Shaftesbury) that 'the nigher any thing approaches to what is good, that is not really so, the more directly does it become its opposite.' And this seems to be the case with regard to the piece before us, which, though it carries with it the external air of the celebrated Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, has not a twentieth part of its merit. Our author however assures us in the advertisement prefixed, that 'he well knows the influence that the very *name* of a composition has upon the generality.' In this the young bard may be mistaken, as his calling this poem an *Heroic Epistle* may do it more hurt than good, because it must undoubtedly suffer by the comparison. Our young Drawcanfir is, notwithstanding, we are ready to acknowledge, possessed of some poetical abilities, which in riper years, and under the conduct of judgment and discretion, may enable him to make some figure in the world of literature; at present, without sufficient skill,

'He runs a muck, and tilts at all he meets.'

His satire in this poem, so far as it concerns the hero of it, is certainly ill directed, as Dr. Watson is a character too respectable to be with any propriety made an object of ridicule. When our facetious bard addresses him thus in the following lines,

'How shall I trace thee, various as thou art,  
Thro' all the windings of thy head and heart?  
How shall I stile thee, in this laggard age,  
Chemist, archdeacon, or professor sage?  
Thee, fire, air, earth. thy ministers, obey,  
And own reluctant thy arch-chemic sway:  
Thro' church, thro' state, in halcyon calm or storm,  
Thou "runn'st perpetual circle multiform."

what does he tell us, but what all the world knew before, that Dr. Watson is a man of so universal a genius, that in whatever line he thought proper to direct his studies, in that he was sure to excel. If Dr. Watson had attempted all, and succeeded in none, he might have been laughed at as a pretender; but when the direct contrary is the real fact, where is the merit, or where is the justice of such raillery?

In the following lines Mr. Burke's thoughts are put into tolerably good metre:

'Tis thus in Burke's unequall'd page we find  
The British sov'reign shifting like the wind:  
Full-orb'd at first, o'er James's favour'd ground,  
His undivided glory spreads around;  
"Shorn of his beams," on Snowdon's misty height,  
The Prince of Gallia meets the wond'ring sight:  
Dwindled and shrivell'd in the northern air,  
Behold him next a duke of Lancaster!  
Westward proceed—the character he drops,  
And on your steps the earl of Cestria pops:  
Again he rises as Lancastria's count;  
But when the pilgrim winds o'er Edgecombe's Mount,  
The king, the count, the earl—all disappear,  
And Cornwall's duke concludes the strange career!"

This

This is well enough; but there is nothing new in it. In our author's ridicule of Dr. Watson's Essay on Chemistry (which is a most ingenious performance) he says,

' Moon ey'd Albinos, and of dreaded shape  
The orang-outang stalks from Java's woods,  
With dwarfs that quake on Zembla's frozen floods;  
The goodly groupe grin round with mutual stare,  
And wonder who the devil brought them there!'

The last line is apparently taken from Pope\*, (though we are told in a note, that it is an imitation of Macgreggor, or the author of the Epistle to Sir William Chambers) as well as the last of these two:

' Mark cloister'd Gl---n, with well-extended foot,  
† *Wrap'd up in Rowley and his red furtout.*'

The poem ends thus:

' Shou'd you, sublime in the prelatie chair,  
Forget in full-blown pride what once you were;  
Refuse to act great Lowth's or Porteous' part,  
And on the forefront of an honest heart  
With them, in sun-bright characters record  
Unfollied Holiness to Heav'n's dread Lord—  
Yet condescend this worldly truth to know,  
And bind it high upon your mitred brow;  
—The slippery path ambition's sons prepare,  
May lead to Lambeth, or—the k—g knows where.'

The last line conveys an ill-natured, coarse, and illiberal suggestion. The whole performance, indeed, seems to have been dictated by private resentment and personal animosity, which, how far the doctor may have deserved, we cannot pretend to determine, as the writer of the poem is at present, and seems willing to remain, unknown.

*An Answer to the Heroic Epistle lately addressed to the rev. Dr. Watson.* 4to. 6d. Rivington.

If this be in reality the performance of a friend of Dr. Watson's, however well meant, it can certainly be of no service to him, as it is too poorly written to claim any attention. The verses are what the author,

' Deaf to every jingling of rhyme,'

(as he professes himself to be) would, we suppose, call *Milronic*, but not quite so sublime, as the reader will see by the following quotation. — *Why*, says Dr. Watson's very good friend, addressing himself to the author of the preceding article,

' Why thus on others strive to scatter shame,  
Which only brings disgrace upon thyself?  
Why thus above the world thyself set up,  
And point and scoff at others self applause,  
While all they words so clearly speak thy own?'

\* The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
*But wonder how the devil they came there.*

See Pope's Eth. Epist.

† Wrapp'd in his virtue, and a good furtout.

And



And a little after,

‘ Cease then to bark, thou dog, to shew thy teeth.  
Thy pigmy arms must ever try in vain,  
To grasp the loins of Watson’s giant fame.’

Nothing can be more contemptible than the whole piece. We are rather indeed inclined to think that this Answer must have been written by the author of the *Heroic Epistle* himself, which he probably thought might answer a double purpose; viz. first, to raise the consequence of his performance by an Answer; and secondly, by way of foil to set off the beauties of it, as the *Heroic Epistle*, though no very capital work, would gain greatly by the comparison.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*An Heroic Address, in Prose. To the rev. Richard Watson, D. D.*  
F. R. S. 4to. 2s. 6d. Becket.

The author of the *Heroic Epistle in Verse*, after having treated Dr. Watson with all the poetical severity which he was master of, has here renewed the attack upon him with other weapons, and given us an *Heroic* (why it should be called so we know not) *Address* in prose; because, as he condescends in his advertisement to inform us, ‘ the public being in possession of his poetical abilities, he was desirous they should be also acquainted with the *tone* and *march* of his prose.’ A *tone* and *march* which, whatever may be this author’s opinion, we are inclined to think the public will not relish even so well as his poetical ones; the style being, in general, inflated and pedantic, the sentiments trite, ill expressed, and the whole elaborate trifle, mean, abusive, and illiberal. Those who have read our author’s *Heroic Epistle* may, probably, remember these lines:

Attend, e’er yet too late, discretion’s voice,  
That Gospel first you chose, be still your choice;  
The state to Edmund leave, &c.

Dr. Watson, as if in consequence of this kind advice (though it is probable he never attended to this gentleman at all) follows the line of his profession, and delivers a most excellent, useful, and sensible discourse to the clergy of the archdeaconry of Ely: for this very discourse, in compliance with the injunction which he had himself imposed, our *Zoilus* attacks Dr. Watson in a most outrageous manner. Strange and unaccountable inconsistency! But in what manner is this done? ‘ I know,’ says the \* author, speaking of his own work, ‘ you will be told to laugh at this address, as consisting of mere declamation, smart quotations from the classics, and paltry attempts at wit, instead of solid argument, and convincing demonstration.’—This, though our

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\* See p. 33, in the note at bottom.

author, we will answer for him, does not think so, is no bad or false description of the piece. With regard to the distinguishing features by which this gentleman may be known from every other author, viz. an ostentatious parade of learning, and a tedious unremitted verbosity, we do not remember to have met with his equal; for no sooner does he light upon an image, or start a thought, but he immediately pours upon you such a torrent of passages, from ancient and modern writers, as totally overwhelms you. Never was honest Sancho Pancha so fond of proverbs as this gentleman is of heaping quotation on quotation, to the utter destruction of all style, method, and argument. We will give our readers a short specimen or two of this author's style and manner. Speaking of himself, in the preface, (the whole of which is almost one continued egotism) he says,

' I am not a Vulfenius: I can speak with the rapture of the glowing satirist;

' Dii majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram  
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,  
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis  
Esse loco!

' But as to the spell-muttering crew, and owls of boding cry—let them take heed; my lion may be roused as well as Dr. Watson's: my lay will live; it has some vital signs about it: let them, if they have read so much, if they startle not at the wand of nature's own magician, if their spirit be not perturbed *Βοῶν Πνευμάτων αἰνέτες*—Let them, I say, with awe remember, "The apparition of the armed head" that rose and descended without even the umbra of a name. But should a generous public foster my infant speech; I may hereafter wear upon my now baby brow the—But excuse me, reader; I forget myself—

' Causa fuit Pater his:

Me puerum est ausus Romam portare docendum  
Artes quas doceat quivis eques atque senator  
Semet prognatos—

Avitâ

Ex re præberi sumptus quis crederet illos.—  
Nil me pœniteat sanum Patris hujus.

' Chi mi darà la voce e le parole

Convenienti à sì nobil soggetto?

Chi l'ali al verso presterà che vole

Tanto ch' arrive all' alto mio concetto?

Here, in the space of a very few lines, we have Greek, Latin, and Italian, besides allusions; bits, scraps, &c. from English writers; but this is nothing to the farrago of quotations which we meet with in the notes, far out-swelling the bulk of the text, as an Irishman's postscript is longer than his letter; they come so thick and close upon you that there is no sticking a pin between them: there are many who blame, and, perhaps, with some degree of justice, the professor's political conduct, as inconsistent with his former principles; but very few, we believe, except this *Incognitus*, find fault with him for his archidiaconal Discourse, or for proposing a scheme so noble and useful as that which he has laid before the clergy; though as we have



have observed in the review of that work, experience alone can determine what advantages may be derived from it; it cannot, however, at all events deserve to be laughed at and contemned. Our author, notwithstanding, because he is invisible, thinks he has a right, like other *masques*, to talk as he pleases.

‘ By this Discourse, says he, I find you now aspire to more extensive dominion: you ætuate in the narrow limits of England, Greece, and Rome; and intend to transfretate the Ganges in the spirit of the great ideal conqueror, of whom it was predicted,

‘ ——— Super et Garamantas & Indos  
Proferet imperium. *Æn.* 6.

I most cordially wish you the desired success in so arduous an undertaking; I have no doubt but that the emperor will permit you, like the great leviathan, to take your pastime in the Indian stream, and will speak of you to his prime minister, in the words of Syrus to Dromo, *Congrum istum maximum in aqua finito ludere paulisper*. When you shall emerge from the hallowed flood, and ascend the tempest-beaten bark on your return to Albion, the priestesses of the East will consecrate your name to distant ages, embalmed and enrolled with “Picus (not the Picus Equum Domitor, but) the prince of Mirandula, John Reuchlin, Pagninus, Galatinus, Arias Montanus, Felix Pratensis, Elias Levita, Munster & Avenarius, Erpenius, & Golius,” &c. whom perhaps my uninstructed reader may consider as a fresh collection of apron-bellied oriental Caffres, Orang-Outangs, &c. just imported by you; for your loxodromick skill both in politics and in literature is really amazing.’

And a little after :

‘ Should your splendid bile, says he, addressing himself to Dr. Watson, incite you to repell this unforeseen attack of mine, it would be wise not to combat in person, like Turnus against the illusive factitious shadow of *Æneas*; but instead of hurling forth your own inania verba et sine mente sonos, to send into Persia for some descendant of the ingenious Lebid, who, as Mr. Richardson informs me, “was particularly useful to Mohammed in answering the lampoons of the prince of Amralkeis, one of the prophet’s keenest and most formidable opponents.”

In what a strange, confused, and affected style is this awkward challenge delivered! The professor, we are convinced, will not accept it, or take up the glove against such an antagonist.

In justice to our author, we think it incumbent on us here to subjoin a short passage from his long pamphlet, which we think has some humour in it; and if we can excuse the multiplicity of quotations, is laughable enough, without that acrimony and ill-nature which prevails in every other part of this performance.

‘ May our gracious sovereign

In this enlighten’d day,

Feel, as thou feelst, taste’s oriental ray;

May he no longer with his favourite sir William consider “a garden as the purest of all human pleasures;” but fancy-struck, may he revel in the ideal charms which will arise from the yet unexplored, and I firmly believe, exhaustless spring of Persian delights!

‘ Sic fluat attonitus Romana per oppida Ganges!

‘ Weave the warp and weave the woof,

The

The web of Zoroaster's race;  
Give ample room and verge enough  
The characters of Ind to trace.

The web is wove; the mighty work is compleated; methinks the auspicious æra, the new hejra, is arrived! The glorious dawn already gilds the eastern clouds! The favouring winds already blow Sabæan odours from the spicy shore of Araby, and cheer me with their grateful exhalations! Myriads of forms come riding on their downy wings!—

' But oh! what solemn scenes on Carmel's height,  
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll!  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
Ye unborn ages, croud not on my soul—  
No more our long-lost Walton we bewail,  
All hail, ye genuine bards, Arabia's issue, hail!

Lift up your head in exultation, O professor; and thou, Richard Watson, behold a sight marvellous in our eyes: lo! my doughty arguments are weighed in the balance and found wanting: the wisdom of an unsolicited parliament, and the senatorial prudence of all-fostering grants concur to adopt the salutary institution!

' Alter erit jam Typhis, & altera quæ vehet Argo

Delectos Heroas, & ipse videberis illis!

Mark the Hebrew Palinurus, unweildy Kennicott, stands nodding at the helm.—See the chosen troop land on the destined shores—the inhabitants press forward with alacrity to receive the harmless adventurers; for peaceful is their merchandize; no Cortez or Pizarro waves his bloody steel o'er the gentle sons of Mithras: Lo, "The kings of Arabia and Saba bring presents," at whose bidding their Escurials and Vaticans burst their bars, and reveal their hidden treasures; while the silky volumes suspended in the hallowed mosques are unrolled before their eyes: no human victims, no holocausts flame to the skies; but the blood of moths and parchment—piercing worm ascend as a grateful sacrifice to the manes of Abulfêda and Abaffai!

In the notes, the characters of Dr. Warner, Dr. Hallifax, law professor, Dr. S-m ds, Mr. Hodson, the ingenious author of Zoraida, and several others, are treated with a contempt and asperity which they by no means deserve. We would advise, therefore, this unknown critic to behave with more decency, moderation, and candour for the future, if he hopes to meet with that applause from an impartial public which he seems very solicitous to obtain: in the mean time, we shall only observe, that the best talents and abilities, extensive learning, and a tenacious memory, may all fail in their desired purpose when obscured by affectation, sullied by vanity and self-conceit, unrestrained by temper and judgment, and exerted on improper subjects. If we were inclined, therefore, to speak of the author of this epistle in the same style and manner as he speaks of others, we might, perhaps, tell him, that with all his pretensions to the vivida vis animi & curiosa felicitas, which he is so fond of, he is but 'a king of shreds and patches,' that when every writer from whom he has borrowed takes back his feather, he will remain a naked jay; and that

*movet Cornicula risum*

*Furtivis nudata coloribus*



that his Epistle is 'prose run mad,' a compound of as villainous smells as ever offended nostrils; that as to his memory, *μῶν μνημόνα*, &c. &c. &c. &c. if we had our Italian, Spanish, and French common-place book at hand, we would give him a few more apposite quotations—but—*cætera desiderantur*.

*The Picture Gallery.* 4to. 3s. Kearsly.

This pamphlet, consisting nearly of 100 pages, has already if we are to credit the title-page, passed through three editions. So rapid a sale for such a performance cannot be accounted for, but by attributing it to the corrupt and adulterated taste of the present age, which relishes nothing so much as scandal and abuse, as there certainly is not, (at least which we have acumen enough to discover) any extraordinary wit and humour, or any remarkable elegance of style, to recommend it. It contains, however, to which we suppose it is indebted for its high flavour, the private characters of almost every lady of rank and fashion in the kingdom; alludes to various incidents and intrigues, which the women have picked up, and probably told of each other, forming all together a kind of scandalous chronicle. We shall select one or two for the entertainment of our readers, from which they may easily determine the merit of the whole.

• Dowager Lady A—r. *The Widow Brady. In Wax.* The Irish Widow.

'The introduction of this second species of composition is certainly an intrusion on the regulations of so well-governed a society as that of which Lady A— has the honor to be a member. Every possible indulgence will, however, be granted, when we consider the richness and very extraordinary elegance of coloring with which her ladyship has tinged the Widow's cheeks. *Painting* has undoubtedly been her *studied* accomplishment, and though she gives preference to wax, to the no small disrepute of neglected canvas, the right honourable artist cannot by any means be pronounced equally great in figure as in face. Whether my Lady's first materials were coarse or defective in any other respect we are unable to ascertain. An unfathomable depth of *rouge* has been the consequence, and the *Widow Brady's* complexion partakes immoderately of the nature of scarlet plumage.

• C—s of O—y. *State Policy.*

'We shall acquaint our readers with the bare circumstances this picture contains, as it is impossible to give any satisfactory interpretation why the personages should be thus situated. A tall, well-made *Brunette* is engaged in *very* close conversation with a robust and fresh-looking *Amoroso*, whose parley is of that interesting kind as of itself to apologize for our silence. A black little fellow, behind the screen, watches their motions very scrupulously; but with such complacency of aspect, that he can have but little concern in the event of their interview. His face speaks much political machination, and but little honesty. No farther comments will be deemed necessary, where the main objects of criticism are enveloped in obscurity.'

From this short specimen it is easy to form an idea of the *magnum opus* before us, which will probably be read with avidity for a few months, and then sink into that oblivion which it deserves.

